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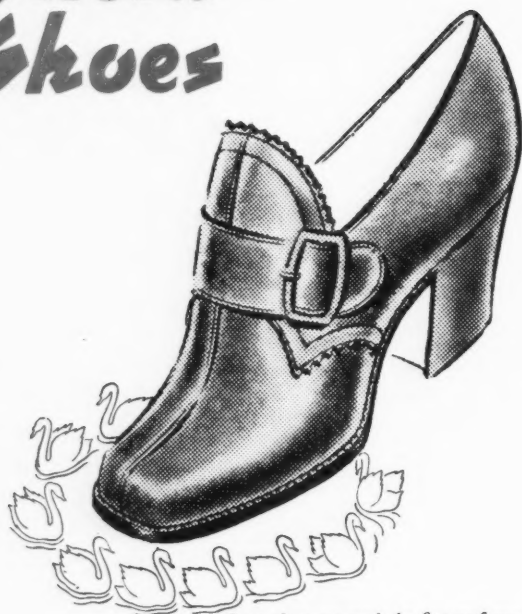


## Imperial Typewriters

MADE IN  
GREAT BRITAIN

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# Swan Shoes



Swan shoes are made by fine craftsmen, and sold by good shoe shops and stores. They are not too plentiful at present, but please ask for them.

For men's shoes by CROCKETT & JONES, LTD., NORTHAMPTON, ask for 'HEALTH' brand CVS 145



Made by **ABDULLA** for those who prefer the American style of blend

★ Another typical testimonial to "His Master's Voice" qualities

*"A shining example of British design and workmanship"*

A.T.B.  
FARNBOROUGH

To hear this "His Master's Voice" Radiogram is to realise what you are missing with an old instrument.

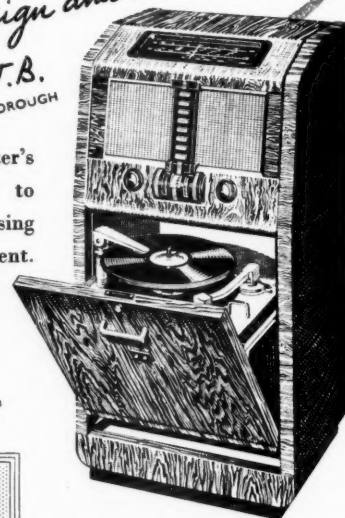


BY APPOINTMENT  
SUPPLIERS OF GRAMOPHONES, RECORDS  
RADIO AND TELEVISION APPARATUS  
TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING



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THE GRAMOPHONE CO. LTD., HAYES, MIDDLESEX.



**MODEL 1408** A 5-valve, 3-waveband Auto-radiogram giving particularly fine reproduction: Includes many new technical features: Twin loudspeakers • Dual tone control • An ingenious new "Extended" range switch giving the high quality reproduction essential for full enjoyment of the latest recordings.

75 GNS (plus purchase tax)

## LETTERS THAT LIVE



*H.G. Wells*

writes to his Mother

"My dear Mother,

Just a line to tell you that I am back with my old landlady here for three weeks. . . . My last book seems a hit. . . . It's rather pleasant to find oneself something in the world after all the years of trying and disappointment."

Letters, the least costly and most valued of all gifts, can be one of the greatest of life's pleasures. For such letters, as all discriminating people know, Basildon Bond provides the perfect setting. Always ask for it!

*Basildon Bond*

BRITAIN'S MOST  
DISTINGUISHED  
NOTEPAPER

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These world famous  
London designers  
model Shielana  
in their collections

HARDY AMIES

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MOLYNEUX

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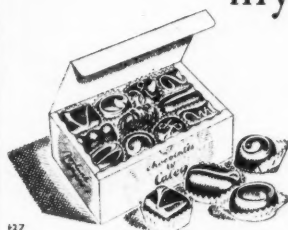
## SHIELANA fabrics

Woollens and worsteds designed and produced in Great Britain  
are sold by the best stores throughout the country  
SHIELANA LIMITED, 2 SAVILE ROW, LONDON, W.1  
will be pleased to send you a list of these stores on request

22



"Here is your  
*Fortune*  
my pretty maid!"



Fortune Chocolates  
by Caley of Norwich

27

# PEARCE DUFF'S

Custard & Jellies



a  
pleasure  
to serve

says Mrs. P. DEE

CUSTARD POWDER • JELLIES • BAKING POWDER • BLANCMANGE POWDER  
PEARCE DUFF & CO. LTD., SPA ROAD, LONDON, S.E.16.



**'Shining Armour'  
for your home..**

Insist upon cooking utensils and  
table-ware in "Staybrite" Stainless  
Steel and protect your health. Food  
acids, condiments, and washing  
materials have no effect upon  
"Staybrite". Its highly finished  
surface makes perfect cleansing easy,  
and promises a lifetime's wear for  
every article stamped "Staybrite."

**"Staybrite"  
Steel** ★

★ "Staybrite" Steel is made only by:  
**FIRTH-VICKERS STAINLESS STEELS LTD., SHEFFIELD**  
—who do not, however, manufacture any of the articles  
for which it is used.



**You can  
spot the man . . .**

who wears a "Van Heusen" collar anywhere—the air of distinction it imparts is unmistakable. The perfect set results from its being contour woven to the shape of the neck.

**"VAN HEUSEN"**  
The perfect Semi-stiff Collar



Manufactured by  
**HARDING, TILTON & HARTLEY LTD.**  
London • Taunton

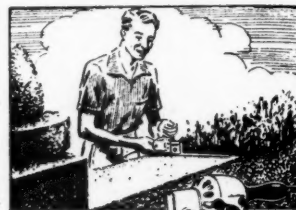


**CAMUS**  
"LA GRANDE MARQUE"  
COGNAC

Sole Agents for Gt. Britain & British Empire—**CARTEUX (LONDON) LTD.** 44 CHANCERY LANE, W.C.2



Equal to  
**8 GOOD GARDENERS**  
and needs no skill



British Made

**TARPENTRIMMER**

Hedge-cutting and topiary work can be done in one-eighth of the time with a TARPENTRIMMER. Operates from your electricity supply or a portable generator, or there is a model for a 12v. car battery. Cuts growth up to 4 in. thick.

**ACCESSORIES AVAILABLE:**  
Extension arm for high and broad hedges. Scythe Handle Attachment for rough grass between trees, overgrown ditches, etc.

Prices from **£15**

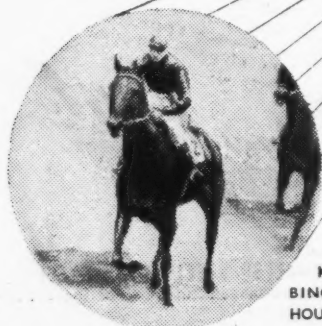
Send for Literature—Hedgetrimmers, Portable Generators.

**TARPEN ENGINEERING CO., LTD.**  
39 Ixworth House, Ixworth Place,  
London, S.W.3. Tel.: KEN. 3491

**KERSHAW'S PUT IT  
CLEARLY BEFORE YOU**

The 'Renown' (7 x 30).  
Price £30.0.0 including  
Leather Case, Sling and P.T.

- ★ An extra wide-angle glass with a field of view of 163 feet at a distance of 1,000 feet.
- ★ 'Coated' lenses and prisms give brilliant definition and colour contrast.
- ★ A perfectly balanced binocular with convenient centre focussing for effortless handling.
- ★ The 'Renown' is completely weatherproof, accurately and strongly made to last a lifetime.



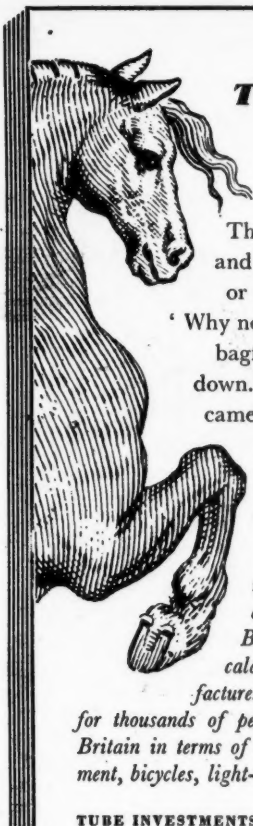
**KERSHAW SOHO (SALES) LTD**  
BINOCULAR DIVISION • IMPERIAL  
HOUSE • AIR STREET • LONDON • W1

in Siam, too . . .



they're glad they've got

**GILBEY'S**  
**GIN**



### The fable of the restive horse

There was once a Horse who frisked and capered, side-stepped, frolicked or loitered as the fancy took him. 'Why not?' quoth he, 'so long as I've a bagful of oats and the sun shines down.' Just then from a nearby wood came the howl of wolves. 'Nay now,' cried the Horse, as he sprang forward, 'it shall never be said that I couldn't take a hint.'

As a nation slow starters, once the race is on we show both speed and endurance. TI have as much faith in Britain's power to outstrip economic calamity as they have in their own manufactures. The one is expressed in the other, for thousands of people abroad have reason to think of Britain in terms of steel tubes, electric cables and equipment, bicycles, light-alloys or paint from TI.



TUBE INVESTMENTS LTD • THE ADELPHI • LONDON W.C.2

*Henry Cotton*

himself  
designed and recommends

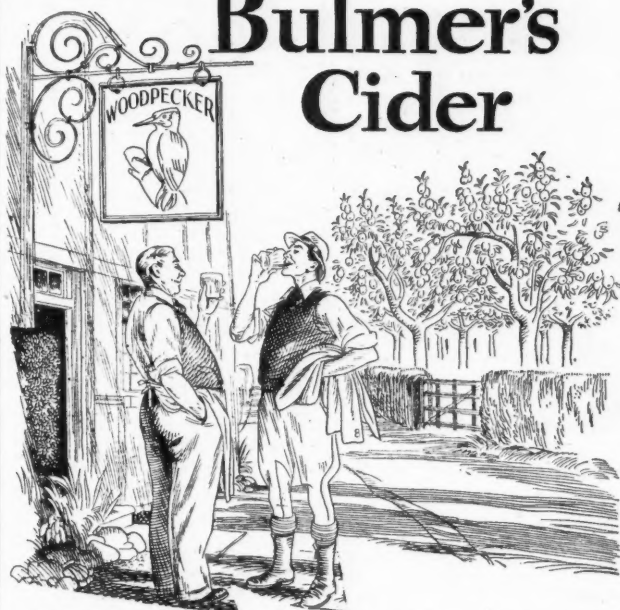
## LOTUS



Made for those who prefer rubber soles, Lotus Edgegrip have a corrugated bevel-edge so that they hold firm even when, at the end of the stroke, the foot is turned on to the inner edge.

### Edgegrip Shoes for Golf

## APPLES FOR Bulmer's Cider

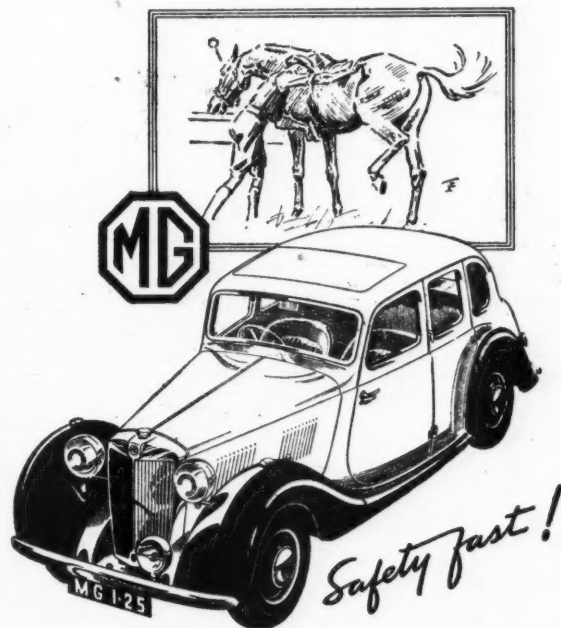


EVERY YEAR the farmer sells his apples to Bulmer's just as his father did before him. The young trees in his orchard came from Bulmer's Nurseries. They were selected to give the finest varieties for cider-making. That's why you have apples at their best in Bulmer's Cider—2½ lbs. to every flagon of Bulmer's Woodpecker (Medium Sweet) or Bulmer's Dry Cider.

Also try Bulmer's Extra Quality Cider in handy half-pint bottles.

H. P. BULMER & CO. LTD. HEREFORD

### Maintaining the Breed



*Safety fast!*

Your MG deserves regular grooming too. It will run for thousands of miles with little attention, but a regular check-up will ensure matchless MG performance. Your MG dealer is ready to do this, with "MG-trained" advice and service.

THE MG CAR COMPANY LTD., ABINGDON-ON-THAMES



Overseas Business: Nuffield Exports Ltd., Oxford, and 41 Piccadilly, London, W.1



"That's the spirit, sir,"  
says Jack Train  
(Colonel Chinstrap)

In most kinds of spirit, of course, the Colonel prefers a bit of "bouquet"—but not in a lighter fluid. That's why he approves of Ronsonol. It's deodorised—no nasty P.O. (petrol odour) to spoil smoking and other pleasures of a man's nose and palate.

## Get rid of P.O.\*

from pockets  
and handbags

★ ('Petrol Odour'—of course)

### RONSONOL

the amazing Lighter Fluid, is deodorised! That's why it leaves no smell of petrol in pockets or handbags, won't spoil the flavour of a pipe or cigar. Burns clean, leaves your lighter spotless. At all jewellers, tobacconists and stores.



A bottle fills the average lighter 75 times for 1/6d.

### RONSONOL LIGHTER FLUID

NEW: Ronsonol in capsules. Ronsonol, the amazing deodorised Lighter Fluid, is now sold, not only in bottles as hitherto, but also in capsule form, at 1½d a capsule. Ask your tobacconist right away for RONSONOL capsules!

## Fine Wines from South Africa

### VELDT BURGUNDY

a soft, well-rounded wine

### PAARL AMBER HOCK

clean, fresh and fragrant

10/6 a bottle



"Ah, **BURGOYNE'S**  
— so much the better"

### HOWARDS' ASPIRIN

is not the cheapest  
—it is the best

### PURELY PERSONAL

HOW TO BRIGHTEN a Brown Study—light up a King Six Cigar (1/7d. each).

## COLT CEDAR HOUSES



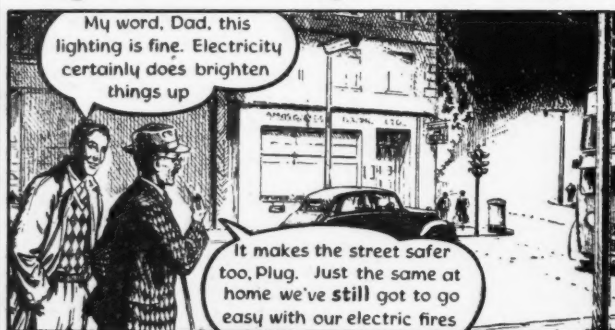
as approved by the Ministries and classed permanent are still given priority for agricultural purposes. Houses or bungalows supplied in the form of complete super-structures for erection, sitework and fittings by local builder. Full details showing plans, illustrations and specifications can be supplied for 3/-.

**W. H. COLT, BETHERSDEN,**  
Son & Co., Ltd., Nr. Ashford, KENT

Telephone: Betersden 216

### THE SWITCH FAMILY ROBINSON

## Plugwell throws a light on the Subject



Too true, Dad—especially during the Peak Periods when the factories must come first. Street lighting is used mainly during Off-Peak periods



People should understand that they can have the electricity they need—and few cuts—if only they will keep off the Peaks

### ELECTRICITY FACT

The Government have permitted consumption for street lighting to be increased from 50% to 75% of the pre-war level. British Electricity's power stations can supply the extra 35,000,000 units required because the street lighting load is—mostly—"Off-Peak." You, too, should use electricity "Off-Peak."

(British Electricity)

### A GOOD TURN

To those to whom it is second nature to do a good turn, the Church Army appeals on behalf of men, women and children needing a new start in life. The task of turning sadness into gladness is indeed a happy one—will YOU take a turn? Please send a gift to The Rev. Prebendary Hubert H. Treacher, Church Army, 55, Bryanston St., London, W.1.

Healthy dogs  
make good companions



**BOB MARTIN'S**  
Condition Powder Tablets  
keep dogs fit



A Flower Market, Rome.

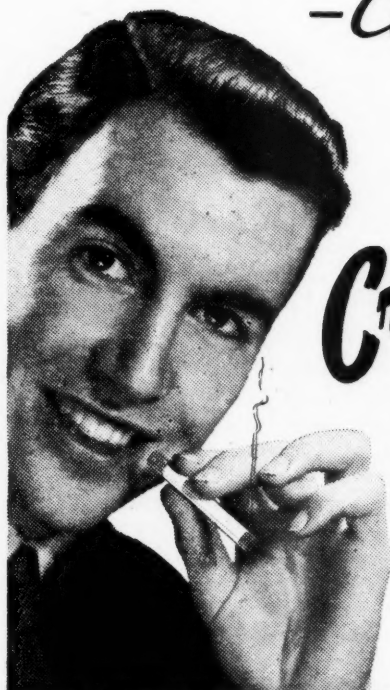
Rome, Paris and the Riviera . . . New sights, new sounds, new horizons. But the colour and bustle of foreign shops and markets remain the most vivid memory of our continental holiday. And the money with which we bought those honey sweet oranges, that lovely length of silk and those ingenious toys? Well, we took Travellers Cheques issued by Barclays Bank. We got them from our local branch, as easily as buying a stamp, and we changed them whenever the need for money arose. The Bank took care of all the financial technicalities, and left us free to plan the perfect holiday. The Manager of your local branch would do the same for you.

### BARCLAYS BANK LIMITED

Associated Companies on the Continent  
BARCLAYS BANK (FRANCE) LIMITED  
BARCLAYS BANK S.A.I. ROME



Their Cork-Tips make smoking  
-Cleaner!



**Craven  
'A'**

made with  
rich, fine  
tobacco

**WILL NOT AFFECT YOUR THROAT**

A distinguished new style, Dent's Double-V. The vented half-gauntlet turns back easily so as to lie flat on the glove



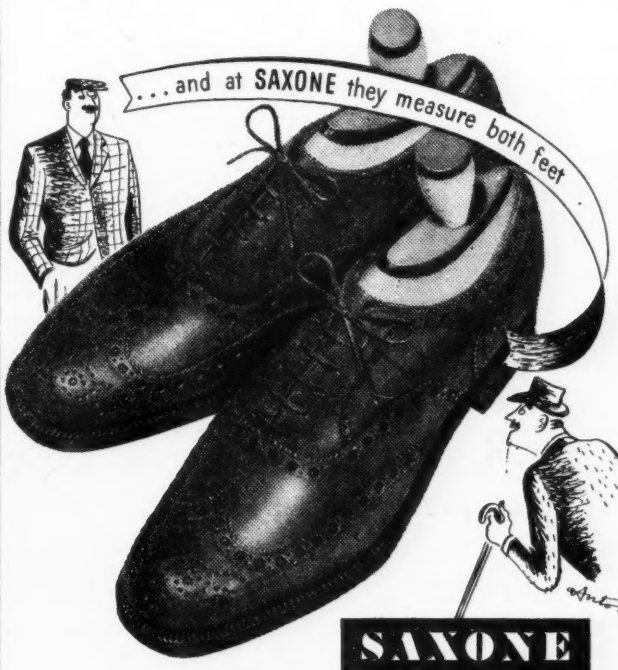
### "Hidden Fit"

What enables a good glove to "give" to the hand when you put it on, and yet never lose its shape?

The answer is to be found in what is known technically as "hidden fit," achieved by expert control of the natural stretch of the leather. This depends on craftsmanship. A highly-skilled cutter cuts each Dent's glove so as to ensure this "hidden fit." That is why Dent's gloves mould themselves so perfectly to a man's hand, look so smart and feel so comfortable.

Look for the Dent's label on the inside. It is the most famous glove label in the world, and your guarantee of style and superb quality.

**DENT'S GLOVES** WORN BY DISCRIMINATING MEN



*Shoes for Men*

SAXONE SHOE COMPANY LTD., 60 Old Broad St., 40 Strand, 64 Gracechurch St., London. Shops throughout the Country.



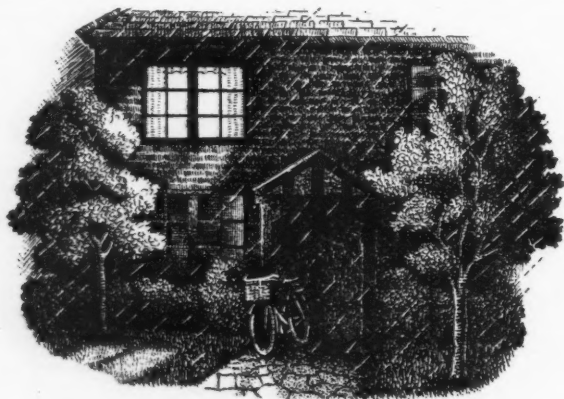
Good mornings

begin with

**Gillette**



... the sharpest edge in the world!



**It's a boy!** A light on at this hour. Nurse's bicycle at the porch. And upstairs a mother safely delivered of her baby. Safely, so far... During the careful days to come 'Dettol' will be on guard against the menace of septic infection. As it was both before and during the birth. As it has been now, these many years, at the birth of almost every British baby.

**'DETTOL'** *The Modern Antiseptic*

RECKITT & COLMAN LTD., HULL AND LONDON

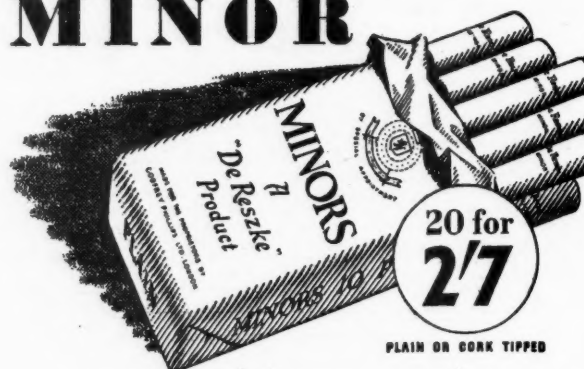


*Can I smoke less tobacco?*

*And still enjoy 20 a day?*

*20 good cigarettes?*

**Yes! mine's a  
MINOR**



ISSUED BY GODFREY PHILLIPS LIMITED



**NOW THEY ARE CLAMOURING  
FOR ORANGE!** *says OLD HETHERS*

You'd be surprised how many people—and especially the ladies—are now asking for Robinson's Orange Barley Water. They remember of course the excellent Orange Barley Water that Robinsons made before the war. So you can imagine how pleased I am to tell you that it's being made again, but supplies of first-rate juice, good enough for Robinsons, are still so limited that you must not be disappointed if you can't get hold of a bottle. Fortunately the Lemon variety is reasonably plentiful and that's the kind which first made Barley Water famous.

**Robinson's**  
*Lemon or Orange*  
**BARLEY WATER**



# PUNCH

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCXV No. 5623

September 22 1948

## Charivaria

A STATIONER reports greatly increased sales of marking-ink. It is thought that conscientious souvenir-hunters may be re-marking their towels "British Railways."

An Oklahoma city burglar sent the house-owner the pawn-ticket for his belongings. He wrote that he could not redeem them himself because his business did not pay.



"Accountancy Student, 30, nearly qualified, desires position Chartered Accountant's office. Keen to enter profession. Accept reasonable salary until experienced."

"Sydney Morning Herald."

And then what?

A naturalist assures us that the wasp's sting is only one twenty-eighth of an inch long. So all you need do is keep that far away from them.

A stage magician introduces his assistants into a cabinet from which they immediately disappear. He is said to get far more satisfaction from this sort of thing than M. Aurioi.

"A Fag-day for the St. Loyes Homes on Saturday week raised £72."—*Local paper.*

Probably only one packet sold, too.

A small boy of eight hooked the biggest fish during an angling contest at a South Coast resort, but it got away because he was not strong enough to land it. One can only hope he has a big brother able to describe it for him.

A works at Oldbury (Staffs.) has formed an archery club. It provides relaxation from overshooting targets.

It was mentioned in court that a charwoman who travelled to her employer's house by taxi had a dispute with the driver about the fare. She won the argument after some devastating work with her National Health Service lorgnette.

Some inventions come too late. For instance, there is a new non-inflammable carpet that cigarette-ends can't burn holes in.

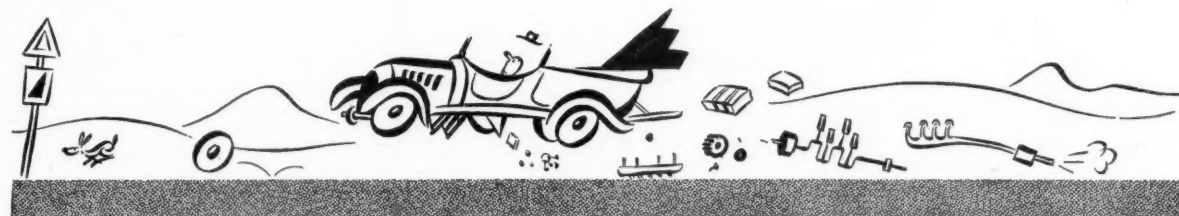
"The best ghost stories are written by authors of Caledonian extraction," says a reviewer. *Uncanny Scots* are certainly news.

A London centenarian mentioned, during an interview, that she had not been to the seaside for fifty-six years. That should give our overseas readers some idea of the sort of weather we have been having lately.

"Panic buying which has followed the freeing of certain varieties of jam from the ration, will probably mean a temporary shortage," a Bristol wholesaler told the *Evening Post*.

In which is incorporated the Monthly Ration.

A motorist thinks that the bottom will soon fall out of the second-hand car market. At any rate, he says, he can now see the road through the floorboards.



## Conversations at Brighton

**W**HEN I was at Brighton, I thought I would go to the Pavilion. This was where George IV used to stay, and it is quite near the Aquarium.

"You can't come in here," said the man at the door.

"Why not?" I asked.

"It's full of Professors."

"Why couldn't they go to the Aquarium?"

"That's full of fishes."

I went to the Aquarium and found that he was quite wrong. There were parrots and monkeys as well as fishes, but there was a large hall for dancing at the end, which would have held all the Professors in the world. They could have danced the samba at night. I went back and looked at some dace. When I had done that I went to the wax-works. I measured the space here carefully, but found it was too small for a meeting of Professors. There was a living man in one of the rooms being tortured by a folding case with sharp spikes, which gradually shut him in. When the case was opened again there was nothing left but a notice saying "Gone for lunch." The case was called The Iron Maiden in mediaeval times. The children love it. I thought it very scientific, and went out to walk along the East Pier. This was also full of science, especially football and cricket, but mixed with clairvoyance, and the study of psychology. I got my character out of one of the machines, and found it was far better than I had feared.

The principal recreation on the piers at Brighton is to sit in the sun, and this is not as easy as it might seem because the sun keeps moving round. Science has done nothing to alter this.

Quite suddenly, half-asleep in a chair, I found a Professor of Conchology whom I knew.

I woke him up.

"You're not in the right place," I told him, "you ought to be in the Pavilion."

He said they were talking about electronics and he wanted a rest.

"Come and watch the people fishing from the pier," I said.

This is a very restful pleasure, and far less trouble than sitting in the sun.

"Why do they have those little bells at the top of their rods?" he asked me.

"The fish ring them when they want to be caught," I said. "It's campanology rather than conchology, I suppose."

He said he had never been to Brighton before, and I told him he had hardly lived.

"What is it like on the hills behind?" he said.

"You can go to the Devil's Dyke on a motor-bus."

"Let's do that."

We waited in a queue for twenty minutes to get our bus. "They call it London by the sea," I said.

The bus had no upper deck, and was very hot inside. I tried to open a window.

"You can't do that," said the conductor. "It's been stuck for days."

When we couldn't breathe any longer, we got out.

"Are we near the Devil's Dyke," I asked.

"We've passed it."

"How far back?"

"About a mile and a half."

It had now begun to rain. "I think we'd better take a bus back to Brighton," I said.

"Wait over there," said the conductor.

It was a small wooden shed, and a man with white hair

was sitting on the floor. He had a carpet-bag out of which peeped a bottle of beer.

"Do you think there'll be a war, gentlemen?" he said. "I hadn't been thinking about that. 'We were going to the Devil's Dyke,' I said. 'I believe there's an inn there.'"

"Not now," he said. "There used to be. It was destroyed by the military. Very turbulent element there was among them. Very robust men, but ungodly. They laid their guns on it. I think the godly way is always the best myself." He spoke in a low sweet voice, with a slight sing-song in it.

I asked if he worked round about there.

"County Council," he said.

"Are they good employers?"

"Good men, but hard. They're godly people on the whole."

"I suppose you're a Sussex man."

"I was born in Ayrshire," he said. "But I came south so long ago that I've lost the brogue."

He certainly had.

"I've three sons in the army," he said suddenly. "One in Germany and one at home, and one in Malaya."

"And yourself?" asked my Professor.

"I was too young in 1914. But I was at Dunkirk."

"What was that like?"

"Very turbulent. Getting from one boat to another. Very confusing. But I think there's an ungodly element in the world again to-day, don't you, gentlemen? Ungodly. A great element to be rooted out."

We did not attempt to deny it. We took the next bus to Brighton and left him sitting there in the cabin with his carpet-bag.

"He ought to be at your show," I said to my Professor, "if you take in philosophy."

We parked at the East Pier, and I told him where to buy whelks and cockles if he needed any. As the rain had stopped I then made the expedition on foot by myself to the West Pier. A long and tiring journey. Jet planes were swooping overhead.

Just beyond the West Pier I found a kiosk with the pleasing notice printed on it "PROFESSOR ALF BURTON, ICES AND SUNDAES."

I stopped myself and bought one.

"What do you think of the international situation?" I asked Professor Burton.

He had no use for it at all.

"What do you suppose is going to happen?"

"Search me," he said.

Queer place, Brighton, I thought; not for the first time. But full of deep thinkers.

EVOE.

## My Years of Farming . . .

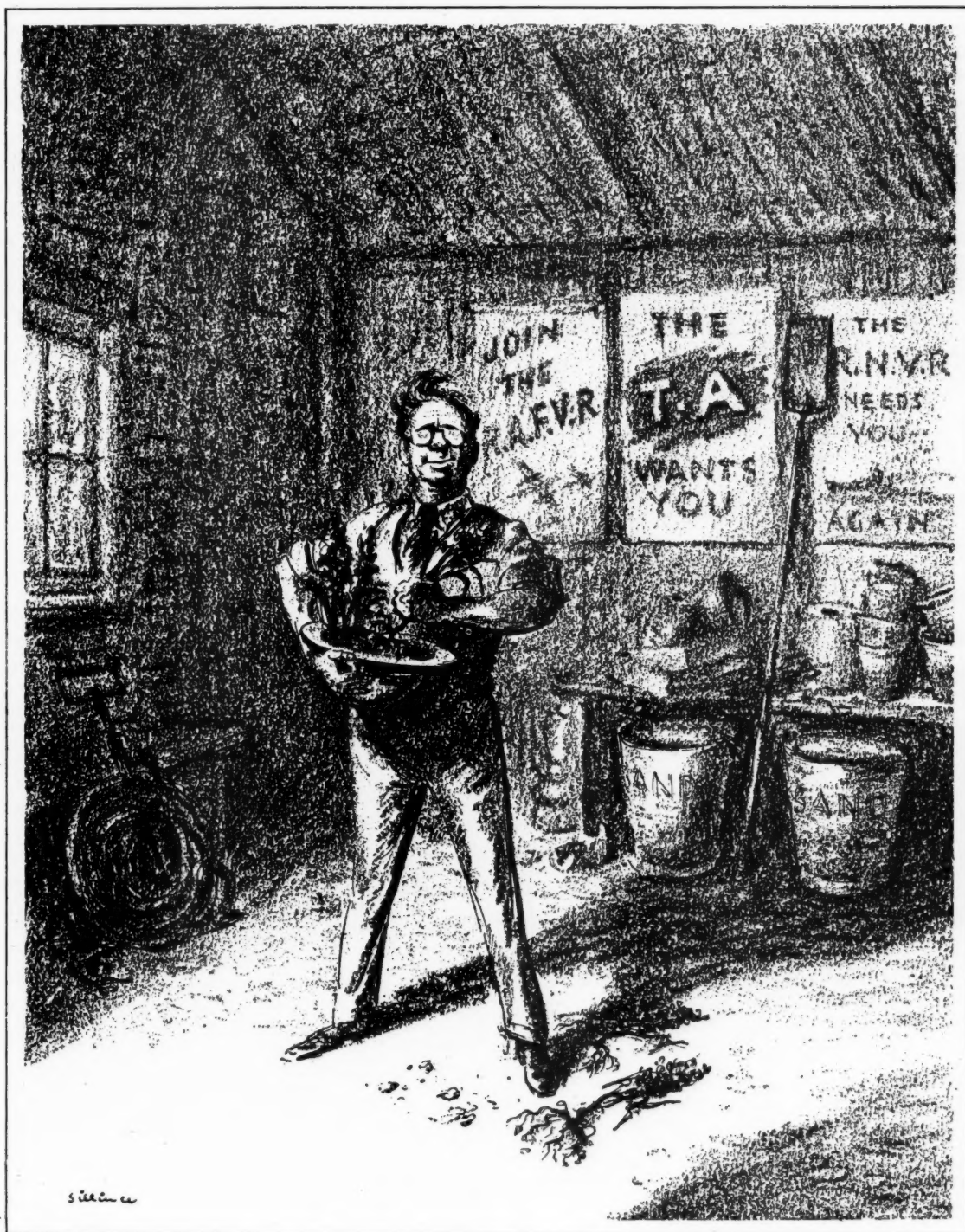
**I**N my first year of farming, my land produced for me—  
a schedule numbered 93.

In my second year of farming, my land produced for me—  
acres of rye, hay (rather dry), and form 62 stroke C.

In my third year of farming, my land produced for me—  
fine sugar beet, bushels of wheat, acres of rye, hay (rather dry), and regulation 12 dot 3.

In my fourth year of farming, my land produced for me—  
one gravel pit, a notice to quit, and a writ from the A.E.C.\*

\* Agricultural Executive Committee.



**HERBERT THE READY**

"And don't forget to brush up your Civil Defence."



"I wonder where that dog is. It's well past his time for a walk."

## The Facts About My Bomber

**T**HE story that I recently disposed of three aeroplanes to a foreign power under the impression that they were to be used by a circus troupe is without foundation. I have never possessed three aeroplanes, nor have I set eyes on the dark, bearded man who is said to have been seen hanging round my flying-field in lion-tamer's uniform "brandishing," so the story goes, "a sheaf of Treasury notes."

So much for rumour. Now for the facts.

Soon after the end of the war, in common with many others, I bought from the Ministry of Supply a pair of old Wellingtons and a Halifax bomber in going order. The former, far from being airworthy, were barely waterproof and were passed on at an early date to a man of unimpeachable character who used to do my garden on Saturdays. If they have now fallen into the hands of a foreign power, it cannot be helped; nor are the consequences likely to be serious. Operationally, as I told representatives of the Press at the week-end, the boots are useless.

The Halifax I bought with the idea of using the wind from the air-screws to dry my washing, of which I had a good deal at that time. But running costs were so high and

the wind so strong that the scheme proved uneconomical. Often I had to tramp miles to recover my losses. I therefore threw my bomber open to the public, allowing them to roam where they would about the fuselage, move the ailerons up and down, etc., etc., at a charge of sixpence a head or half-a-crown for parties of six. I also made arrangements for patrons to be photographed lying in the bomb compartments at a small additional fee. Ribands inscribed "A Present for Hitler" and "Blockbuster" were available for wear if desired, but many declined them, preferring no doubt to subscribe these legends themselves in their albums later on—a very human touch.

So far, it will perhaps be agreed, I had done nothing of which a patriotic citizen need be ashamed. Nor, even when my takings dwindled away to nothing, largely owing to a decline of public interest in non-supersonic aircraft, was I to be tempted by any offer, however large, from the representatives of alien Governments. None, in fact, was made; and the circumstance that my Halifax was in constant use as a hen-house throughout the first six months of the present year proves conclusively that a clandestine take-off for the Continent was very far from my thoughts.

Early in September a Mr. Trumble, from the Board of Trade, came to see me. I took no particular note of what he was wearing, but my impression is that he looked every inch a civil servant; had he been wearing a lion-tamer's uniform I should certainly have remarked it. There was, Mr. Trumble told me, a scheme on foot to send pigs to Hungary by air, where they would be cut up into bacon and resold to this country on advantageous terms. He had been charged by his department with the responsibility for advising on the best methods of loading and off-loading these creatures, and wished to carry out a number of preliminary trials. Had I, by any chance, an old bomber to dispose of for this purpose? We were standing, as he made this proposition, beneath the port wing of my Halifax, and I lost no time in pointing the plane out to him.

"I have, as it happens, an old Halifax, Mr. Trumble," I told him. "This is it. But I must warn you frankly that at the moment it is full of hens."

He made light of the objection, explaining that he could carry out his experiments on the spot, with the minimum of disturbance to my fowls. He then left, promising to return the following day with a pig.

He was as good as his word, and during the next two or three days was often to be seen driving his pig up and down a makeshift ramp and making certain measurements which he jotted down in a notebook. On the fourth day a number of assistants appeared carrying cans which they dumped

beside the aeroplane. "You will understand," explained Mr. Trumble in answer to my inquiries, "that a certain amount of swill must accompany the pigs on their journey, and naturally allowance must be made for its storage in allocating the available floor space." "Of course," I replied. "It would never do for them to arrive at their destination *hungary*!" And on this jocular note the conversation ended. Later, when I saw one of the assistants pouring swill into the petrol tanks, I pointed out the man's error to Trumble, who thanked me, promising to see to it straight away.

Nobody could have been more surprised than I was when my Halifax suddenly took off one morning. To add insult to injury, it made a circuit of the flying-field with bomb doors open, with the result that a large number of my hens and Mr. Trumble's pig were scattered about my property, the latter wearing one of my own "Blockbuster" ribands. I have complained about this to the Board of Trade, but with no result beyond the issue of a summons for killing a pig without a permit. On top of all this it is really too much to be accused of negligently allowing a weapon of war to pass into foreign hands. If this is the way owners of old bombers are to be treated, I can only say that the Government is showing a remarkable lack of foresight. When the time comes, at the end of the next war, for them to dispose of their worn-out jets, I hope that the Ministry of Supply will not waste public time and money by sending their catalogues to me. H. F. E.

## Late Entry

**E**VEN in the pitch blackness of a moonless midnight I managed to force open the window of the front sitting-room, and I was just congratulating myself that the noise had not roused Edith when a policeman appeared and shone his torch over the hedge at me.

"What do you think you are doing?" he asked.

I yield to none in admiration of our police force, but I did not care for this man's tone, and I also thought his question rather superfluous. By this time I was standing with one leg inside the room and one leg planted on a clump of dahlias. It should have been clear to the meanest intellect that I was climbing into the house because I had forgotten my key and loved my wife too much to wish to wake her in the middle of the night.

"Good-evening, constable," I said with quiet dignity, "if you will kindly keep your torch on me until I get right inside it will enable me to complete my entrance without knocking over the occasional-table. Usually when I forget my key and climb in at this particular window I knock over the occasional-table and wake my wife, and the doctor insists that she has seven hours' unbroken sleep every night."

He shone the torch full on my face.

The marks of sterling honesty written in every lineament of my features evidently reassured him, and a moment later I was safely inside the room and had closed the window after me. No doubt the policeman would linger outside until I turned on the light and perhaps wait for ten minutes or so to make sure that I did not emerge with a sack of swag over my shoulder. It was therefore essential that I should switch on the light at once. The only difficulty about this was that I could not find the switch. I groped my way carefully round the wall in the direction of the little table-lamp that stands on my desk, but the table-lamp was not there, nor was the desk. Where the desk should have been was a tall bookcase.

Evidently, I thought, I had lost my bearings. I decided to work my way back to the window and start again, and this I achieved without much difficulty. I then remembered that on my old friend the occasional-table was a box of matches in a fancy stand. I groped for the occasional-table, but it was not there.

It was a time, I felt, for boldness. Instead of creeping round the room feeling for the table-lamp I would march straight over towards the door and turn on the ordinary switch. The middle of our room is quite free of

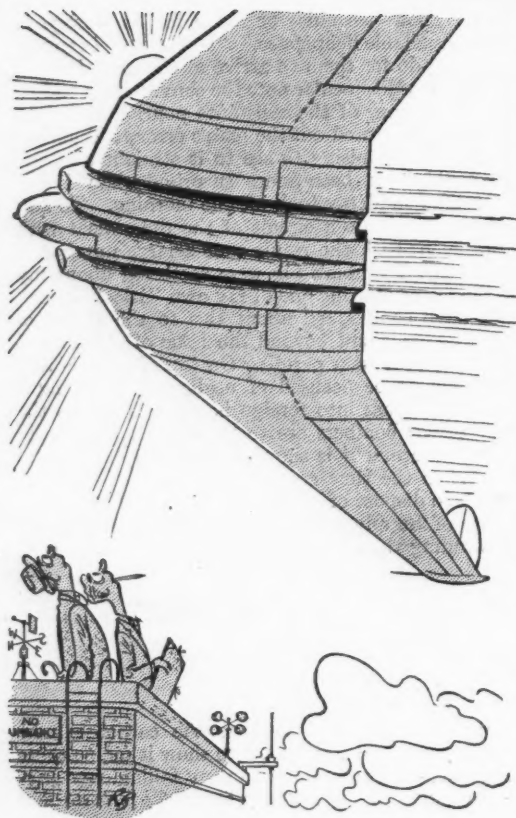
furniture because the carpet is new and Edith likes to show it off, so there was no danger of my falling over anything. I strode fearlessly forward and the next moment dived head-first over the back of a settee that had no business to be there at all. As I picked myself up an explanation of the whole affair flashed upon me.

I was in the wrong house.

I sat down on the settee and considered my next move. If I were to go out again by the window the policeman would almost certainly scoop me up, and then after a lot of tedious explanations he would no doubt wish to accompany me to my own house and make me wake Edith to identify me. It seemed a better plan to go quietly out of the house by the back door, pass through the garden gate into the alley at the back, and so end the affair without fuss.

So once more I set off for the door, only to find myself in some mysterious way back at the window, and this time I located the occasional-table, which was out of position. It fell with a crash and roused Edith, who opened the door a minute later and switched on the light. She said I ought to have remembered that she always changed round the furniture in the autumn so that the settee could go in front of the fire. D. H. B.

## Sky Ballet: Farnborough



flying machines are spread out on exhibition below us, and waiting to put them through their paces is the *corps d'élite* of the country's test-pilots. There are all the makings of a stirring afternoon.

"I wonder what the kite of the future will really be like?" I ask Mr. P.'s A. innocently.

"Like that!" he cries, pointing ecstatically, as artists will, to a great slice of beauty which comes sailing past on a level with our noses. At first sight this is very difficult to connect with anything one has ever seen in the air before, because it has no body and no tail. It looks the sort of exotic creature, half flat-fish and half bird, that might float into some explorer's binoculars through a tropical dawn; or into Professor Piccard's searchlight, two thousand fathoms under the sea. It is like a huge cream boomerang, very brilliantly polished, and it seems to be flying by

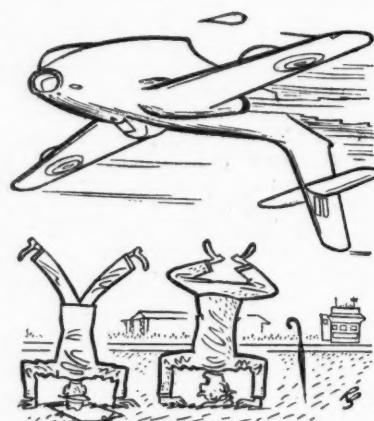
magic until suddenly, as it wheels with surpassing grace, the thunder of its two jets smites us. The Armstrong-Whitworth Flying Wing. Pure H. G. Wells. A man beside me, who appears to be a genuine early pilgrim father, assures me that now the thing is proven we shall very soon have flying wings which will simply be tailless hotels, large enough to let us dine in a nice grill-room in the leading edge.

"I didn't know there was going to be a fair as well," I say, indicating a large merry-go-round in course of erection.

"There isn't," answers Mr. P.'s A. "That's the Cierva Airhorse, a helicopter designed to take twenty-four passengers. Too bad it's late for the Trojan job."

It looks like a motor-coach arguing the toss with a lot of steel scaffolding and three windmills.

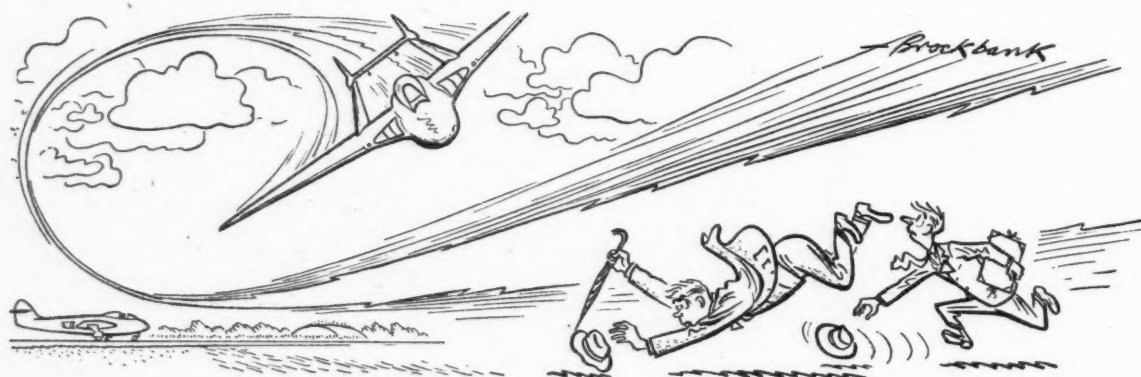
All kinds of aircraft, large and small, are now personally presented to us.



"Nice lines, eh?"

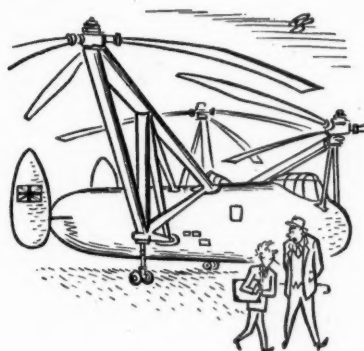
Here is the De Havilland Vampire, bat-like, its jet a piercing whine. John Derry brings it in low, almost singeing our whiskers, and then screams straight up into the blue to play about like a little fish in summer shallows. Down he comes again in a plummet-dive, and cuts deck-level rings on one wing-tip. This is the new choreography of the

**D**ISGUISED as two early pilgrim fathers of aviation and muttering to each other knowledgeably about Montgolfier's fire-balloon, Mr. P.'s Artist and I insinuate ourselves on to the very top of the control-tower. We hang our umbrellas on a convenient chunk of radar and fiddle expectantly with our laminar-flow ties; for by courtesy of the Society of British Aircraft Constructors all the latest British



sky, executed by a master. It is very beautiful and exciting, and I think I can hear the British public getting its money's worth in gasps.

Big flying-boats have majesty, and the Short Solent goes by like a Queen Elizabeth of the air, her banked rows of portholes the only clue to her true size. After her—and the contrast is terrific—comes another boat, the new Saunders-Roe SR/A.I., a single-seater fighter with two hefty jets that blow her around the welkin as if she were a



"Do you think you've got it all in?"

bullet. G. A. V. Tyson is in the wheel-house, and we think he must have lashed himself to the binnacle, for among his flashing contributions to the ballet is a tour of the airfield, keel-up . . . Here are the latest Meteors, giving a tremendous impression of power as they shoot vertically, climbing thousands of feet in a few seconds . . . Here is the new Hawker P. 1040, said to be the fastest British fighter. A sleek thoroughbred of conventional design, with one jet, it's being flung about

joyously by an aerial Massine named "Wimpey" Wade . . . And this whistling silver dart? Well, it's really a bit of history: the first British aircraft believed to have passed the speed of sound, the D.H. 108. Backswept wings, a fin, no tail. John Cunningham makes it seem as docile as a bicycle.

The jet engine is doing to the flying machine what steam did to the sailing ship.\* And now we are being shown its effect on the airliners of the immediate future. Representative specimens, the Avro Tudor VIII, the Vickers Viking, the Vickers Viscount (with gas turbines driving propellers) all have an amazing liveliness for their size . . .

The private owner hasn't been forgotten. There are charming little runabouts in plenty. These bring home to us the curious fact that constructors have their feet about forty years apart. Jets and flying wings on one side, on the other small monoplanes which boast more knobs and permit you to keep on your top-hat, but in which Bleriot would quickly be at home.

"Will light aircraft always have propellers?" I ask a trifle querulously, for one becomes a frightful jet-snob.

"Any day now I'll buy you a gentle little puffer," Mr. P.'s A. promises, "like a vacuum-cleaner in reverse. It's bound to come."

\*This useful analogy can be quoted provided the usual acknowledgments are made. But in the case of Front Benchers and officers over the rank of Air Commodore a small fee will be charged.



As we totter down the ladder in search of a cup of steaming char to take the twist out of our necks, we are heartily in agreement about the marvellous resiliency of the human frame. Not only ours, but the pilots'. Every time the aeroplane has been made to go faster there have been ghastly prophecies about its occupants' insides and the complete insensibility that will occur on tight turns. Nonsense, apparently; or is a new race of men arriving just in time? ERIC.





"Have you any chalk suitable for getting through the Customs?"

## More Occupations

THIS time I shall begin on a sober note and tell my readers something about chartered accountants and solicitors. A chartered accountant is two words treated as one, and to the public is largely made up of the ability to find other people's sums correct. Chartered accountants are closely associated with auditors, who, as my readers know if they work in offices, are thought of as a blend of spring-cleaning and someone coming to stay; they get pointed at through shut doors and brought tea, and disappear suddenly by not being there the day after they leave.

Now for solicitors. I need not say more about the row of surnames, in white on dark wood or in grooves on a brass plate, with which the average firm of solicitors faces life than what I have just said. The other thing that everyone who thinks of solicitors thinks of is their bills. I need not really say more here either, but it is only fair to try to put into words the public's dim feeling, when it sees such a bill, that people are no match for solicitors. Psychologists say there may be some timid attempt at a come-back in the public's traditional association of solicitors' offices with dust. The actual occupation of being a solicitor consists of course in working in a solicitor's office, getting there too late for the people who ring up too early and leaving too early for the people who ring up too late. This is no reflection on solicitors—I mean not on the punctual ones; and when I say that as a race they do not work on Saturdays this is no reflection either—I only want to remind the public that whether solicitors did or did not work on

Saturdays in olden times is another of the things it cannot remember about before the war. Solicitors' offices are brown and green, the green being those box-files with little curtain-rings in front. So far I have not said anything very technical about the actual work; I think the most technical thing I can say without research is that when the public thinks of the law of torts it gets a glimpse of what a solicitor has to learn before he can occur.

It would be nice to have a touch of colour for our next occupation, and for this we cannot do better than mayors, unless we take court jesters, those extremely uncontentemporary figures who combined being funny with being blocked out in red and yellow to a degree you simply don't get nowadays. Mayors are red, like Father Christmases, but with a black hat and a gold chain; but this is their maximum, and though it may be hard for the public to think of a mayor having breakfast in a dark suit like anyone else, that is, like anyone else in a dark suit, facts are facts; and when the public thinks of a mayor having his breakfast with his mace beside his plate it quite realizes that it has not entirely shaken off the early influence of comic papers. Nor, for that matter, have mayors; there is something stubbornly playful in the way they go on living in parlours, even saying so on their doors to please the people looking for fuel offices in town-halls.

IN my last article I said something about some of the umpires and referees in the world of sport, and now I should like to go on to sport itself, in some of its quieter aspects. Draughts, for example, is a very quiet game, being limited to the noise people make tipping the draughts out of the box and to the noise they make when they talk, which may range from the grunts that indicate thought to those stray shouts aimed at people passing the room. There is also that faint click with which a very clever draught gets a top story, but I have put this in to show writers' powers of observation more than to add to the clamour. Real tennis—I mean the kind invented earlier than lawn tennis to emphasize that lawn tennis is comparatively new—may be a harder-hitting game than draughts, but it has rather the same effect of being a refuge from modern hubbub. Its contact with the general public is limited to people asking each other if they have seen anyone playing it and occasionally throwing in the word "pell-mell" to add an historical note, and to bits in the papers which, like croquet results, make an impressive picture of expert beating expert.

I should like also to mention that important but unpublicized branch of sport which makes things like tennis rackets. I dare say a good many of my readers could, if they tried, make things like tennis rackets, but they have only to hold up their own tennis rackets in the way they do to see if they can see one edge beyond the other to realize that nothing they could make would get as far as that. This is the sort of occupation you might see in a documentary film, with much string and wood gradually progressing towards what the audience is expecting. There is, in the minds of people who see films of things being manufactured, a sort of friendly identification for ever after with the subject—a side of human nature which psychologists rather like.

I shall end with a very short paragraph on a very momentary occupation—drawing the curtains in the evening. This is a simple process, no more than seeing that it goes right from a yard or so below where it does, and I mention it only because it makes a nice, atmospheric sound, like that special kind of saucepan noise which cannot be defined but is always recognized as meaning that dinner is about to be ready.

ANDE.

## The Galore Country

TURNING sharp left on leaving the station we are confronted by the Old Dripping House, famous as the scene of the wonderful fight between the twin brothers in Galore's most famous novel, *Out Upon These Hoopoes*. It will be recalled that Augustus, the good twin, threw Fungustus, the bad, over the rail into one of the ancient dripping vats at the end of Chapter Thirty-one. (This was in the first edition in 1895, now a collector's item. In later editions the ancient dripping vats were removed from the end of Chapter Thirty-one because they were a danger to navigation, and placed at the beginning of Chapter Two.)

Further along the old road, every pebble on which will be familiar to those Galore enthusiasts who read the hundreds of words of description he occasionally devoted to it when it was for some reason necessary to carry the end of a chapter over from the bottom of one page on to the top of the next, we find the school. It was from this school—to-day happily in use again after a surprisingly slow recovery from war-time occupation by the military—that were dated most of the charming letters "to Mary from her Lamb," which formed the well-loved volume of stories *Lettres de Mon Mouton*. The belfry, in which was the bell so beautifully described in *The Boloney Stone*, has been removed and is now on the ground next to the shed containing the school sports equipment, being used to accommodate, not to put too fine a point upon it, bats; the bell was used by the soldiers for fuel. Anybody who objects that a bell would never be used as fuel has forgotten the winter of 1939-40.

About a hundred yards further along the old road on the right stands the office of the local *Argus*, where the young Galore got his first chance and was (as he narrated in his autobiography *Twenty-four Hours for Lunch*) restrained only by politeness from taking it. It is no secret that the then editor of the newspaper was the original of "Gup" in the laughable *Chronicles of Gup*, the most notable feature of whose appearance was that he was "very shallow-eyed, like a good eating potato." Except for changing the newspaper-office to a sawmill, the chief sub-editor to an assistant cleaner, and the reason for the client's indignant letter from a quadruple negative to an excess of knots, Galore afterwards transferred his experiences with the *Argus* to paper almost unaltered in his second novel.

But it is of the first, *Response and Responsibility*, that we think as we turn to the left, proceed for some score yards along what is known as the New Drain, and come to a thunderstruck halt before the Public Library. The striking invective with which Galore assaulted the architecture of this building is too well known to need quotation; besides, even to this day the local mayor and corporation slap an action for libel on anyone who does quote it. ("Costs" is a regularly recurring yearly item in the Council's balance-sheet; apparently they find the publicity worth the money.)

But let us look more closely. To the right of the fearsome doorway is the well-remembered niche, "neither too high, nor too low, nor too narrow, nor too wide, but dripping like a perishing sluice," in which Henry first met the exotically beautiful Amanda ("her eyelids took a high polish") as he sheltered from the rain—the great rain of 1892. I wonder whether my readers recall the first words they exchanged?

"Why is the Library closed?"

"Henry's face took on a deeper pallor. 'Why,' said he, 'because of the librarian's misfortune. He dropped the

key into one of his heavy sea-boots, and now he cannot get the boot off.'

"The young lady could not refrain from laughing. . . ."

Opposite the Public Library is the cemetery, that "crowded place of sepulture" where Evacustes, the melancholy average-adjuster in *The Situation at the Outburst*, spent the whole of one summer night pacing about among the tombstones working up his determination to complain to his landlady about her cooking. "Stuck in his buttonhole, like some grim flag of revolt, was a large piece of the brown celluloid lace that had the previous evening fringed the fried egg he had been given for supper. . . . It was in the cemetery, too, that he found the letter bearing the name of his long-lost brother, which fired him (as narrated in a passage deservedly famous for its subtle analysis of motive) with a desire to adjust something "more positive, more colourful, less ordinary" than averages.

A mile or two away on the other side of the town we find the Railway Hotel, where Evacustes—in common with many other characters in Galore's novels—was wont to have his glass of beer (often drunk, in those days, by quite poor people).

Every stone in this district has its associations for the Galore enthusiast; but we must take our leave, turning to look once more at the old house on the hill overlooking the station where Fungustus, the bad twin in *Out Upon These Hoopoes*, carried out a long-expressed intention by "dying in his bed, like a vindictive oyster."

R. M.

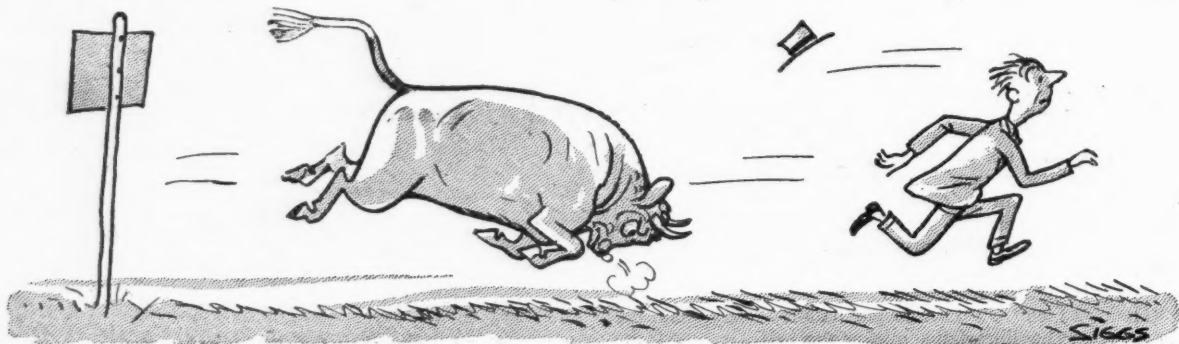
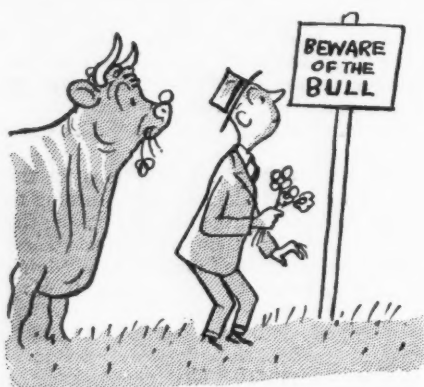
By No Means Broad.

"Margin is what we get for our fat ration."—Schoolboy's answer.



"Very well then, can you do LONGhand?"

## A Roaring in His Ears



AS my heels fell suddenly silent on the carpet of human hair my resentment at having had to ring up three times for the double appointment faded, and exhilaration took its place; for the barber and the manicurist were waiting for me with hushed subservience, their implements at the ready. I was a king. When the barber had garrotted me respectfully with his dust-sheet and the manicurist had bent her pretty head with devotion over my battered cuticles I relaxed almost to the point of unconsciousness.

I don't know whether it was his voice that roused me or the rough nudge he dealt me in the ear as he spoke.

"You're mad on it," he said. "That's what it is."

"I beg your pardon?" I said amiably, not realizing at first that they were resuming some suspended discussion.

"Dah," said the girl. It was an exclamation of rebuttal. The back of her neck took on a stubbornness as she unscrewed the lid of some beautifying unguent and shook my fingers into a loose bunch.

"Speedway mad," said the barber, striking my head under the bulging part at the back. "That's what it is."

"Yap, yap, yap," said the girl. Beyond shooting out one leg spasmodically I gave no sign that she had gouged me with her entrenching tool.

"Wearin' his colours on a flipping sweater."

"Can if I like."

"Can if you're that daft," retorted the barber.

"All right, I am, then," she said. "He's a man, he is."

I thought for a moment that the barber was going to spit. He resisted the impulse, if it was ever there, and instead tried to study himself side-face in the mirror as if for reassurance.

"A man?" he said presently. "That What's-is-name Cooper a man?"

"Buttsy Cooper," said the girl. "You never seen 'im ride. Oughter been down West Ham, Tuesday."

"West Ham Tuesday," said the barber with distaste. "Wouldn't lower meself."

"You can say what you like."

"I will, don't worry."

"I'm not worrying."

"Well, I'm not." The barber gave me a thump on the neck. "Trooping down there every night—daft hats, sweaters, long scarves, rattles and all that carry-on. Watch a lot o' twerps."

"You be careful," said the girl, cutting me to one of my quicks.

"You be."

"Buttsy Cooper!" said the barber. "Waste of flipping petrol, that's what."

"It's sport," said the girl.

"Are *you* sport."

"Dah," said the girl.

The barber stepped back and snipped the air savagely. He had the stocky good looks of a professional footballer, but his eyes were dark and brooding.

"What the world's comin' to," he said. "All that noise an' stink."

"Like to see you try." She threw one of my hands at me so hard that it hurt, and snatched up the other one by its thumb.

"Like to see Cooper try cutting 'air," said the barber, lopping off one of my side-pieces with a conscious flourish. The girl flung up her head and uttered a small, contemptuous titter.

"Said somethink humorous, have I?" inquired the barber.

"Not you. Just visu'lizing you on a supercharged whizzbang, that's all."

"Look," said the barber, tapping me on the crown with a whippy comb, "when I was in the Army—"

"You was cutting hair," interrupted the girl nimbly. "All you're good for. Why, Buttsy wouldn't soil his hands!"

I think I might have said something there, but the barber boxed one of my ears and said tensely, "Christian names now, is it?" His scissors fouled on a few short hairs and he wrenched them free.

"Anyway, he ain't called *Claude*."

The barber blushed suddenly to the tips of his distended nostrils, but managed to answer with some dignity: "One can't help what they're christened."

Filing industriously at my thumb, the girl threw her next line away, confident of its effect. "Got his autograph Wednesday," she said.

"Oh, did you." It was the best he could do on the spur of the moment.

"Yes, I did you."

The barber made his mouth small and piped with shrill mimicry, "Please Mr. Cooper could I 'ave your autograph!" Then, in his normal voice, slightly roughened: "Night he broke Foxy Carter's leg, wasn't it?"

"So what?"

"Some sport."

The barber kicked a secret lever and the chair pitched my head forward into the bowl. Through the hiss of the water I could hear the girl talking defiantly, but when the barber dragged me back into a sitting position she was concluding weakly . . . "so there. And you can say what you like."

"I will, don't worry."

"That's all you can say. Poll parrot."

"What about the poll parrots bawlin' 'Come on Buttsy, Come on Buttsy'!"

"I tell you it's sport."

The barber cracked a towel deafeningly. "Blood-lust," he said, and assaulted my scalp with iron fingers. The exercise lent his speech strange inflexions. "Lot of bobby-sozers trooping after motor-bikes all over London 'oping to see some *twerp* bust his flipping neck."

"Oh, you," said the girl. "I'm fed up of arguing."

"Not 'ealthy."

"Healthy or not."

"Morbid," said the barber, and suddenly closed his eyes, squeezing them up tight for some moments. Then he opened them and said in a peace-making voice, "Tell you what. I got tickets the Victoria Palace, Friday. What about it?"

"Friday's Forest Road," she said.

He was quite still for a second or two.

"What's Forest Road?"

"What's Forest Road," he says! It's only the Rockets' home track, that's all. Fizzer Puttock and Scoots Mooley, that's all." She finished the polishing before adding, "And Buttsy Cooper the guest rider."

The barber beat my head with brushes. He wrenched the towel out of my collar with a violence that set the chair revolving. The manicurist did not look at him, but threw her equip-

ment into the tray and dusted at the front of her white overall. She rose to go.

I also rose and thanked them both. Neither of them replied, unless the barber's blind presentation of the bill and an automatic "Pay downstairs" could be so construed. I offered him a shilling, but he was watching the girl as she began to descend with a slight flounce the stairs leading into the body of the shop. I waved the coin about widely, hoping to catch his glazed eye, but he walked quickly to the head of the stairs and shouted, "You're speedway mad!" He came back and took the shilling without looking at me, then ran to the stairs again and leaned far over. "You're mad on it," he shouted. "That's what it is!"

I wished him good-day on the way down, but might have saved myself the trouble. I was no longer a king, if I ever had been. I was absolutely nobody.

J. B. B.



"Like a heavy weight pressing on your stomach—eh?"



*"Keep it under your hat, but I'm running on red petrol!"*

## Ballade of a Non-Starter

**T**HIS is not what I meant my life to be,  
But, come to think of it, what did  
I mean?

I never had much heart to go to sea,  
I did not wish to be a Rural Dean.  
I might have been a lawyer, a marine,  
A burglar, a theosophist, a spy,  
If I had wanted; but I was not keen—  
I could have done it, but I did not try.

I might have wandered over Araby  
Or been a pirate in a brigantine,  
I might have held the universe in fee,  
I might have been as fat as I am lean,  
I might have played upon this earthly scene  
A part most horribly and hugely high,

But who am I to mourn the might-have-been?  
I could have done it, but I did not try.

The great and noble have not heard of me,  
And in their gilded beds they sleep serene;  
I claim my privilege, which is to see,  
I leave to them the joy of being seen.  
I often thought, when I was seventeen,  
That I should start in earnest, by and by,  
And make myself a pile in margarine—  
I could have done it, but I did not try.

Prince, you may make me work some great machine  
Or sit in this dim office till I die;  
I never shall be King of Kensal Green—  
I could have done it, but I did not try.



### THE UNCOMPLAINING CAMEL

"What do I care? I can't get up anyhow."

**MONDAY, September 13th.**—Even the musical voice of the Lord Chancellor, Lord JOWITT, could not conceal the fact that the speech closing the Parliamentary session was of considerable length. Since it was all in the past tense, it was mainly a catalogue of the Government's and Parliament's activities, and it covered three closely-printed foolscap pages. While other Ministers looked on with the pride of authorship writ large on their faces, Lord JOWITT, "being one of the Royal Commissioners," waded through it with earnest determination. And then Mr. SPEAKER took it to the House of Commons and read it all over again before the impatient legislators were permitted to go home. The Lord Chancellor found his effort so exhausting that he began to prorogue Parliament before Mr. F. W. LASCELLES, the Reading Clerk, had had a chance to read out the Commission from THE KING empowering him to do so. However, Mr. LASCELLES tactfully intervened, and the Lord Chancellor, with engaging informality, commented aloud and apologetically that he "ought not to have read" the piece he had begun to say.

The incident (which served to emphasize the normal clock-work precision of these State ceremonies) humanized what was a somewhat artificial occasion, for Lord JOWITT, in proroguing the session, announced that the new session would open on "September the fourteenth next."

Sir HENRY BADELEY, who, as Clerk of the Parliaments, may be taken as an authority on these things, teased noble Lords by saying (privately) that, if the English language meant anything, the announcement implied a year's holiday for Parliament!

But everybody knew that the date referred to was the very next day—

**TUESDAY, September 14th**—when THE KING, accompanied by THE QUEEN, drove in State to the House of Lords to open the new Session. In contrast with the marathon effort of the day before, to-day's Speech contained but seventy-four words, and His Majesty uttered them in fifty-six seconds. Then, bowing to the four score Peers (including the Duke of GLOUCESTER and the Duke of EDINBURGH), their Majesties went back to Buckingham Palace.

They had come from Balmoral for this ancient piece of constitutional duty, and they returned to Scotland soon after the Speech had been delivered.

## Impressions of Parliament

**Monday, September 13th.**—Both Houses: Prorogued.

**Tuesday, September 14th.**—Both Houses: Re-opened.

**Wednesday, September 15th.**—House of Commons: Sharp Words.

**Thursday, September 16th.**—House of Commons: Sharper Words.

All that was promised in the way of business for Parliament was "further consideration" of the Parliament Bill, which is to cut the delaying power of the House of Lords over legislation from two years to one.

The Commons, having picturesquely and traditionally shown their independence by taking the First Reading of the Clandestine Outlawries Bill (which is never heard of again), turned at once to consideration of the Speech.

Mr. JOHN LESLIE had the honour of proposing the Address of thanks for the Speech from the Throne, and he performed it with the gentle charm that



Impressions of Parliamentarians

55. Mr. Leslie (Sedgefield)

has made him one of the most popular back-benchers in the House. There was the usual laudatory piece about his own constituency (Sedgefield) which is permitted to all movers and seconders. But Mr. ARTHUR SYMONDS, of Cambridge, went several better. His compact (well, fairly compact) history of Cambridge, from the earliest times via Oliver Cromwell, its former M.P., until the arrival of the present Government, was leavened with wit. It was, however, of astonishing completeness, lacking only, as one colleague put it, a street map of the town and mention of the early-closing day.

And then the House listened with

delight to that supreme artist, Mr. OLIVER STANLEY, easily the wittiest man in the Commons, who delivered a few shafts for the Opposition. He said there was so little straw in the Speech (which is of course the work of the Government) that not even Mr. SHINWELL could make from it bricks to drop. He paid graceful tribute to

Mr. ATTLEE, kept from the House by illness, and ended with a little flick for the Government at large by saying that one realized the Prime Minister's great value only when one looked at the list of his possible successors.

He said the Government (by cutting the powers of the Lords thus early) was following the example of the burglar who poisoned the watch-dog the night before the crime.

And this, said he, was tragic frivolity and a petty Party pantomime.

Mr. HERBERT MORRISON drew a cheer from the whole House by announcing that the Prime Minister was expected back "at no distant date." Then he went on to justify the action of the Government in seeking to cut the powers of the House of Lords, on the ground that it was better to be safe than sorry.

Much the same considerations applied to the other announcement Mr. MORRISON made—that the demobilization of men in the Forces was to be delayed by three months, because of the unsettled state of the world. There was no need for panic, but it was well to be wise before the event, even if the event never occurred, rather than after it.

He added that Mr. ERNEST BEVIN, the Foreign Secretary, would make a statement on the world's unsettled condition next week, and the House sadly let it go at that—for the present.

In their Lordships' House—where the Loyal Address was moved and seconded by Lord SHEPHERD and Lord KERSHAW, respectively—Lord ADDISON, Leader of the House, had one crumb of cheerful news, to the effect that the gap between imports and exports is a trifle narrower than it was.

Which (mercies of that kind being so diminutive these days) was accepted with great thankfulness.

**WEDNESDAY, September 15th.**—To-day's debate on the Address was opened by Mr. ANTHONY EDEN, acting Leader of the Opposition, with a brilliant survey of the world situation. Burma, Malaya, Hyderabad, Europe, all came under review, and everywhere Mr. EDEN found trouble, actual and potential. He hoped the British



"Sorry I'm home late, dear—got buzzed by a pterodactyl."

Government would do its part in trying to bring settlement.

As to the proposed trial of some aged German generals who had for years been prisoners of war in Britain, he thought that repugnant to all sense of British fair-play—a remark that drew a roaring cheer from many parts of the House.

Mr. ERNEST BEVIN, the Foreign Secretary, replying, was careful (as Mr. EDEN had been) to avoid all mention of the crisis over Berlin. But he took the House for a tour of the world's trouble-spots (which meant a world-tour), promising that all that could be done to bring peace and settlement would be done by him and his colleagues.

But, although he liked the idea of Western Union, he did *not* think it was a good plan, at present, to have an Assembly for all Europe—a European Parliament. He added that he thought it "unwise to put the roof on until the house was finished"—a metaphor which made literal-minded builders among his audience shudder a little.

The debate drifted along until, late at night, Mr. HUGH DALTON made his first speech since his return to office. And an excellent "come-back" it was, delivered with all the old fire and readiness of phrase, the good-humour and swift repartee.

**THURSDAY, September 16th.**—Mr. "RAB" BUTLER moved an amendment to the Address which amounted to a Conservative motion of censure on the Government. He (and it) condemned the Government for wasting time on an unwanted Constitutional crisis when so many more urgent and important things pressed for solution. Nobody wanted the reform of the House of Lords, said he, except the Labour Party managers, who sought to use the issue as a smoke screen to hide failure in numerous other fields.

The amendment (needless to say, perhaps) was not carried. But it was a bonny fight.

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## The Nigerian Mailbag

**DEAR SIRs.**—Having posted the money by Moneyorder, and the amount of money is Two Pounds (£2 0. 0.) which is posted to you through the post office you did not reply or to send the samples to us as promised or you do not see the money from your post office,?

We are traders of thruthful dealers, but not to make two tongue spoken as we see your way now that is moving

so. Why? Not to say we havent quote the lists there, all are cleared, and you must quickly give us the returning news of goods.

Our buyers are expecting the samples and we have exagrated you more than you did, and we want you not to disgrace us and even doing this it will spoil the trade of us and our customers, We want persons belief than to gives us falsehoods.

We are anzious for your samples and we assure now you have got the money and you will send the samples by your shippment to us.

We appologised for if you have send it and it does not reach here, for the steamer may be in steep condiction.

We awaiting for interested reply sirs and we will greatly thank you in double cheers for your expetation indeed.

Here we withdraws.

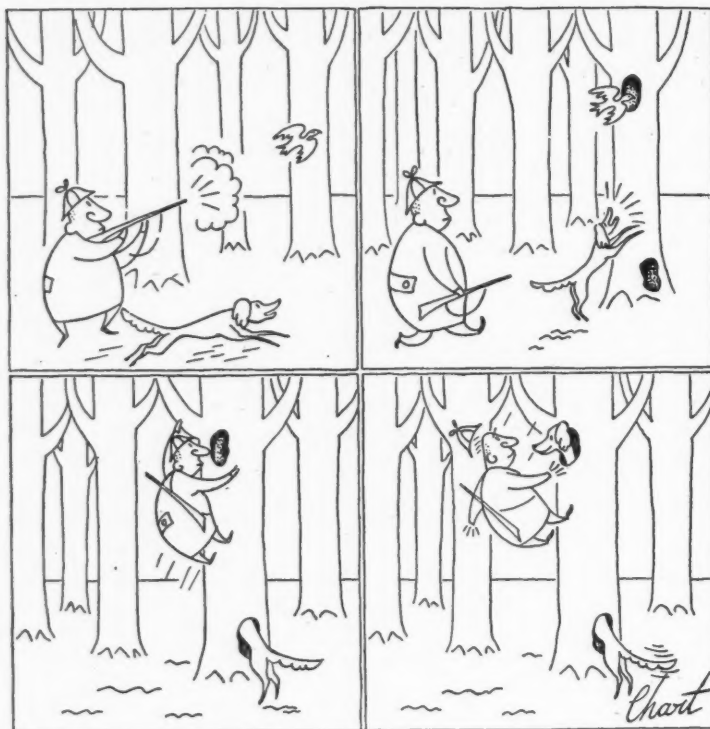
— BROS., LAGOS.

o o

"Instead of the smiling faces of delighted new tenants of the Council houses he is helping to build, a Brough man was today greeted by two grinning human skulls as he excavated a trench for drains."

"Hull Daily Mail."

Nothing's in the right place these days, is it?



## The Cosmic Mess

THIS column found two disturbing pieces of news on the same page of the *Daily Mail* the other day. One concerned the troubles of a bishop who had published a parody of the words of a well-known song in his diocesan magazine. Heavy umbrage was taken by the publisher of the song: the bishop has passed the umbrage to his "legal secretary"; and, for all this column knows, the thing may be running in the courts when this column appears, so it must be careful. But it cannot be silent. For if the claims of the publisher (as reported) are correct, there is a very poor future for the parodist in this island; and many parodists of the past should tremble.

(1) "We could sue the bishop for heavy damages", said the general manager. "I have discussed the matter with my directors to-day, and, as we consider the bishop may have done this in ignorance of the laws of copyright, we are prepared to accept an apology . . ." "This parody is a grave infringement of the laws of copyright."

(2) Later, according to the report, he said:

"We could claim heavy damages for loss of sales. The song sells thousands

of copies year by year. We must protect our interests."

This column assumes that the general manager consulted his solicitors before he said these formidable things, and that his solicitors advised him wisely. On these assumptions, it wishes to issue a few awful warnings to the comic writer—and artist.

The claim numbered (1) is simply for an infringement of copyright, which is defined in the Act of 1911 as the doing of anything the sole right to do which is conferred by the Act on the owner of the copyright.

A man called Kipling wrote a poem called "If", the copyright in which still belongs to his heirs. If you print, publish and sell that poem, just as it is, without permission, you will certainly pay damages.

The claim numbered (2) is for "heavy damages for loss of sales". Well, if you sold so many copies of your illicit "If" that the rightful publishers sold many fewer they would certainly get "heavy damages".

But suppose you print, not the original, but a parody, of "If". You do not use any of Mr. Kipling's words, though you refer to the title "If". Perhaps you call your parody "Though"

and begin every other line with that word.

Now there are two sorts of parody—perhaps three:

(a) You may be making a critical attack upon the poem, the poet, and/or all his works.

(b) You may be making no more than a friendly imitation.

(c) You may merely be using his poem as a well-known formula to express and attract attention to some message of your own. (This is what the author of the diocesan verses complained of was doing.)

In case (a) the author could certainly bring an action for libel; but the critic would plead "fair comment", and in these cases the critic generally wins.

In cases (b) and (c), again, this column supposes, the author could still bring an action for "slander of goods", or something like it, on the ground that the imitation made his own work so ridiculous that nobody was buying it any more. But this column does not think he would be greatly enriched at the end of the action. Certainly, if the publication were in a diocesan magazine it would be difficult to prove that the libel, if any, had injured him very severely.

So the general manager must be relying on the law of copyright; and if he is right (as we are assuming) your parody of "If" (case (c)) may land you in the courts for a breach of copyright.

So let us all be very careful.

One lonely thought consoles this column. Mr. Churchill's war speeches have been published; and now, perhaps, he and his publishers may proceed against the miscreants who commit fatuous imitations of his immortal saying about The Many and The Few.

\* \* \* \* \*

The other thing was a remark attributed to Mr. Eric Johnston, the American, who is paid a great many dollars to charge about spreading sweetness on behalf of American films. To a London gathering of newspapermen, it is reported, he suddenly said:

"You" (meaning the British) "have got to develop the star system. That takes several years. And you have to learn to speak an English which the Middle West will understand."

Some intelligent Briton, it seems, then made the very sound inquiry:

"Why? We understand the Middle West."

But "His reply to that was lost in a barrage of questions".

A pity. For all this is highly interesting and important; and this column

has long wanted, in a friendly way, to put the same question to somebody. As the Pressman said, we understand—at least we swallow—the Middle West, as we dutifully understand New York, and the Bowery, and Harlem, and Chicago, and Virginia, and Main Street, and negro singing. Many Britons have said that they found it difficult at first to understand what the actors were saying in *Oklahoma!* But no one has suggested that that attractive piece should be translated into the language of London or Lancashire. The British sit quietly, attune their ears, and use their brains. Nor has anyone said that the rivalry of two North American cowboys for the hand of the heroine was not a subject that made any real appeal to an English audience. This is all as it should be. If the English-speakers could not share the songs, the melodies, and the simple tales of the musical stage it would be surprising.

But everything the English do in this department is "too English" for America—even for New York: so, at least, the big men of Broadway generally say—even while Gilbert and Sullivan are singing successfully round the States once more.

And now Mr. Johnston says that all our films should be written, or spoken, in an "English" which can be understood in Michigan or Arkansas. (Arkansas, by the way, this column understands, is pronounced "Ark'nsaw"; so if we are going to have any plays about Arkansas it will be only fair if we ask the producer to spell, or pronounce, it in a way which Manchester will understand.) The suggestion is kindly intended, of course, for the object is to enable British pictures to go well in Michigan, Iowa, Illinois, Wyoming (or wherever the Middle West is). The trouble is that a film whose far-off target is Iowa, Dakota, or Oklahoma will hit, before it gets there, such cities as London and Oxford. And suppose the citizens of these unimportant towns do not understand, or admire, the language which is aimed at the areas mentioned above? The film will get such frightful notices that no one will ever think of showing it in Nebraska. Alternatively, London and Oxford will lap it up (they well may). But what will that mean? That will mean that the citizens of Oxford (especially the young) will "learn" to speak the English of Nebraska and Arkansas. Will that be a good thing? Never having visited either State, this column cannot say. But it feels that it may be just as well if New York and Nebraska, London and Lancashire go on talking their own kind of "English";

and if they all make the most of their patience and their brains they will understand each other quite well enough. Rather better than the Russians, for example.

Mr. Johnston spoke only of language. He did not say that the subjects and stories of our films must be selected with an eye to a hearty welcome in Wyoming (and how, by the way, is Manchester expected to pronounce

*that?*). Such a command may come soon. But meanwhile, if we are still permitted to show Gladstone, shall we say, in conversation with Queen Victoria, and the "English" must be made fit for Arkansas, this column's uncountable readers will begin to understand, perhaps, why it has no unconquerable itch to enter the film world. That is all, Mr. Johnston. You may get down. A. P. H.

## The Whisperers

**R**OUGHED, painted,  
wrinkled,  
rich,  
but in decay,  
cheeks chapped, enamelled, crinkled  
the leaves whisper  
and say:

"We were green, green, green in  
May,  
ah, dewy with freshness  
which  
could dance all night,  
all day."

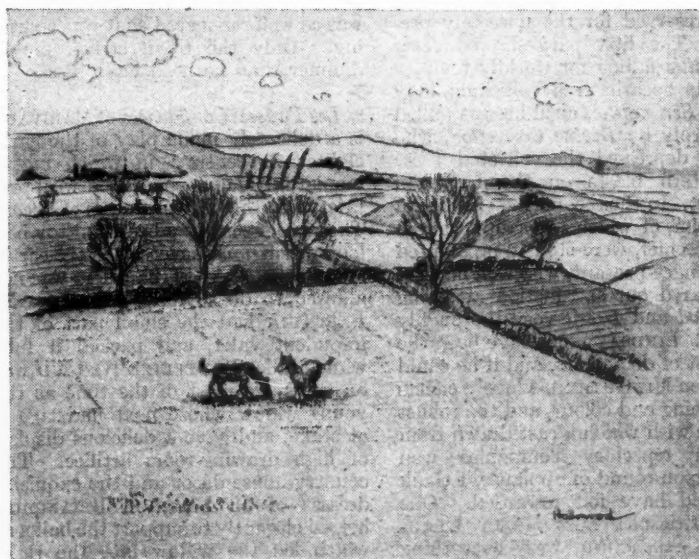
"All the winds sought us,  
the hot sun came to court us  
when we were gay."

"Do you remember"  
(they sigh)  
"in June, and in July  
how often the rains brought us  
kisses to make us cry?"

But now,  
in late September,  
the whisperers re-tell  
what they remember well  
with the dry, gleeful malice  
of the still-gay old,  
the faded, pot-pourri scandals  
their lovers, the winds, told  
under the chestnut candles  
when other lovers strolled  
beneath their black-lace-branched  
shadows by moonlight suddenly half-  
blanched.

They are old,  
a little bitter  
that they must die;  
but now their old loves come  
and make them titter  
by some last gallantry.

And with what grace the whisperers  
slip away  
to dance in death more bravely than  
in May. R. C. S.



"Oh, yes, we get ENOUGH, but it's so hopelessly monotonous."

## At the Play

### Edinburgh Festival

GOOD as was last year's Festival, we grumbled at the Scots for giving us nothing from their own drama. This year they have amply atoned for their neglect. *The Three Estates* (as readers of our September 8th issue scarcely need reminding) was written in rolling verse by Sir DAVID LINDSAY of the Mount, a wit and satirist, and was first presented in 1540 before James V and Mary of Guise. Its savage attack on the state of the Catholic Church and its frank demands for justice for the common man must have made this honest couple sit up; indeed, only the author's position as Lyon King at Arms can have saved him from the fate of his work, which was burned by the public executioner at the orders of the furious clergy. The play is a shrewd mixture of bawdy romp and acute political analysis. Its language is rich and racy, and far less cryptically Scots than I had feared. In its original form it must have lasted most of the night, and to prepare an acting version Mr. ROBERT KEMP has had to cut accordingly. There is nothing makeshift about his text, however, and in spite of considerable expurgation the flavour remained strong enough to make one quietly salute the Church of Scotland for lending its fine Assembly Hall to so outspoken a piece. Mr. TYRONE GUTHRIE's triumphantly ingenious production used a tongue-like apron-stage, round which the Lords, Burgesses and Poor were gathered, a gallery above being reserved for the unseemly prelates. The first part showed *King Humanitie* falling for worldly temptation, its spearhead a rollicking lady named *Sensualitie*, until he was pulled up sharply by *Divine Correction*, who greatly depressed the collected *Vices* with stern blasts on the Lutheran trumpet. In the second the enemies of the realm, of which a corrupt Church was the chief, were stoutly prosecuted by an angry peasant, who won his case and shared our satisfaction at seeing *Falsehood* and *Deceit* very thoroughly hanged. LINDSAY must have been the sturdiest of democrats, and if he could have seen Mr. GUTHRIE's lovely effects of grouping and colour, and the robust humour with which a cast drawn from Scottish repertory companies won round upon round of applause, I think he would have felt rewarded. One small criticism: Miss MOLLY URQUHART's *Sensualitie* was everything necessary except sensual. She should have smacked more fruitfully of the

business side of the saloon bar. And a special word of praise: for Mr. DUNCAN MACRAE's superbly comic *Flatterie*.

One of the main excitements of the Festival was the visit of the RENAUD-BARRAULT Company from the Théâtre de Marigny in Paris, and these fine French players were no disappointment. M. JEAN-LOUIS BARRAULT, already well known over here for his work in *Les Enfants du Paradis* and other films, is a grand young actor, boyish in figure yet technically mature. Although more restless than our native models and more emphatic in expression, his *Hamlet* was consistently intelligent. He tried no tricks with it, nor with the rest of the production, though it contained agreeable Gallicisms to match his kissing *Horatio* on both cheeks. The dead *Polonius* he dragged with great effect right across the stage; and an interesting variation on our usual practice was to show *Gertrude* as a woman entirely and submissively in love with her new husband. Led with such brilliance and vigour, the cast responded generously. Particularly good were Mdlle. MARIE-HELENE DASTE's *Gertrude*, Mdlle. ELEONORE HIRT's *Ophelia*, M. JACQUES DACQMIN's *Claudius*, and M. JEAN DESAILLY's *Horatio*, but the general level was high. *Hamlet* in prose must lose something, but M. ANDRE GIDE's translation minimized the loss. Bright colours and imaginative lighting made their mark against simple sets, and incidental music by HONEGGER was as well-mannered as it was charming. Only the *Ghost* struck me as dimmer than he need have been.

*Les Fausses Confidences* of MARIVAUX is a delicately made play of the early eighteenth century in which matrimonial intrigue is conducted with propriety but the utmost finesse of deceit. The dialogue is like a beautiful toy balloon which must never touch the earth, and in these expert hands it was not allowed to do so for a moment. M. BARRAULT had the small part of the impudent valet, and packed it full; while Mdlle. MADELINE RENAUD was on the stage most of the time as the young widow whose next marriage is at stake, and gave a delicious display of high drawing-room artifice. The country-house décor and the exquisite dresses of M. MAURICE BRIANCHON helped elegantly to support the balloon, which led the widow into the right arms through a maze of heartless chicanery—a maze which sometimes

defeated our French, though its convolutions were always delightful to watch.

As a curtain-dropper to the MARIVAUX—a serving of the hors d'œuvres after the main dish which seemed strange to British palates—we were treated by the same company to a mime in six scenes, M. JACQUES PREVERT's sparkling *Baptiste*. This deals with the love of a pierrot for a statue come to life, a sadly chequered love which gave M. BARRAULT splendid opportunities. (Some of the sequences came from the mime in *Les Enfants du Paradis*.) He uses his hands marvelously, and he has a good deal of the pathos, as also some of the manner, of Chaplin. And both on and off the plinth Mdlle. RENAUD was entrancing.

I take it that ideally one should come away from *Medea* a pulp, and not merely a slightly shocked spectator of another nasty crime at Corinth. In this sense Mr. JOHN GIELGUD's Festival production, which is about to come to London, seemed to me lacking. "Freely adapted," is how the programme describes the text of Mr. ROBINSON JEFFERS, the American poet; and certainly in want of discipline the play suffers emotionally. There are good passages of description, the best of which fall deservedly to Miss CATHEEN NESBITT as the *Nurse*, but if the irregular verse has a rhythm it is very difficult to discern. Poetic force is also lost by the reduction of the Chorus to three women who appear to be dazed attendants on a domestic crisis rather than a reflection of cosmic torment. And I am afraid Miss EILEEN HERLIE is to blame as well. Her *Medea* is powerful and accomplished, in many ways a fine performance, but somehow it left me untouched. Madness and insatiable revenge are there, but this *Medea* is a job for Harley Street, not for the gods. The inner demands of tragedy are wholly understood, however, by Miss NESBITT, whose quiet account of *Creon's* end is infinitely terrible. Some of the casting is uncertain. Where uniformity would give detachment, the women of the Chorus are ill-assorted, though Miss ELSPETH MARCH is good as their leader. Mr. RALPH MICHAEL looks a proper *Jason* but is too jarringly hearty, while Mr. HECTOR MACGREGOR's *Creon* hardly has the majesty to hold down Corinth. Visually this production is excellent. The set should dwarf humanity, and that is exactly what Mr. LESLIE HURRY's does. A gentleman's residence designed by the architect of Stonehenge, such is the effect of it—sombre and impressive and so cunningly proportioned that its height can only be guessed. ERIC.

## Music at Edinburgh

THE Festival has been an even greater success this year than last. There was a morning concert, on the day of our arrival, at the Freemasons' Hall, where the Hungarian String Quartet played Beethoven's so-called "harp" quartet, Opus 74, most beautifully—particularly the pizzicato passages, which sounded like golden bells—and followed it with the same composer's wonderful Opus 132 in A minor, the sound of which was so ethereal that it might have come from a choir of angels.

That afternoon found us in a totally different world—the world of pale ghosts of romance. CORROT, looking like a wraith, played Chopin's own programme of a hundred years ago in memory of Chopin's visit to Edinburgh. It was a strange and moving experience. The exquisite sounds that flowed from this great pianist's fingers seemed frail as echoes from the past, and when he had gravely acknowledged the ovation he received and left the platform one felt one had been listening to a ghost.

At the King's Theatre the Glyndebourne Opera presented two operas by Mozart—*Don Giovanni* and *Così fan Tutte*—with all the style and artistry that are associated with their name. The producer was CARL EBERT. In *Don Giovanni* LJUBA WELITSCHE was a striking and brilliant *Donna Anna*, but PAOLO SILVERI disappointed us in the rôle of the swashbuckling, amorous *Don*. He looked exceedingly handsome and every inch a nobleman of Spain. His acting was finished, his costumes beautiful, yet somehow he failed to

charm. The *Masetto* and *Zerlina* of IAN WALLACE and HILDE GÜDEN were delightful, the rest of the cast frankly not good enough. RAFAEL KUBELIK, who conducted, was at least partly to blame, for he kept the singers in orchestral strait-jackets and was woefully heavy-handed.

*Così fan Tutte*, conducted by VITTORIO GUI, was the outstanding success of the Festival. SUZANNE DANCO and EUGENIA ZARESKA gave brilliant performances as the two ladies whose fidelity to their lovers is put to so severe and, as we think, unfair a test, and they had a spirited pair of lovers in ERICH KUNZ and PETRE MUNTEANU. By adding and subtracting delicious nothings—formal balustrades, dainty pavilions, wrought-iron grilles, rose-beds, a stone seat, a yew hedge—to a fixed stage set the designer, ROLF GERARD, devised scenes of the purest enchantment, and besides all this there was the inimitable MARIANO STABILE in the rôle of the elegant cynic, *Don Alfonso*. HILDE GÜDEN failed to sparkle as *Despina* the maid, and this was a great pity; for it is on the mischievous *Despina* that mainly falls the task of keeping the plot moving. But nobody who saw this beautiful production of *Così fan Tutte* is likely to forget it.

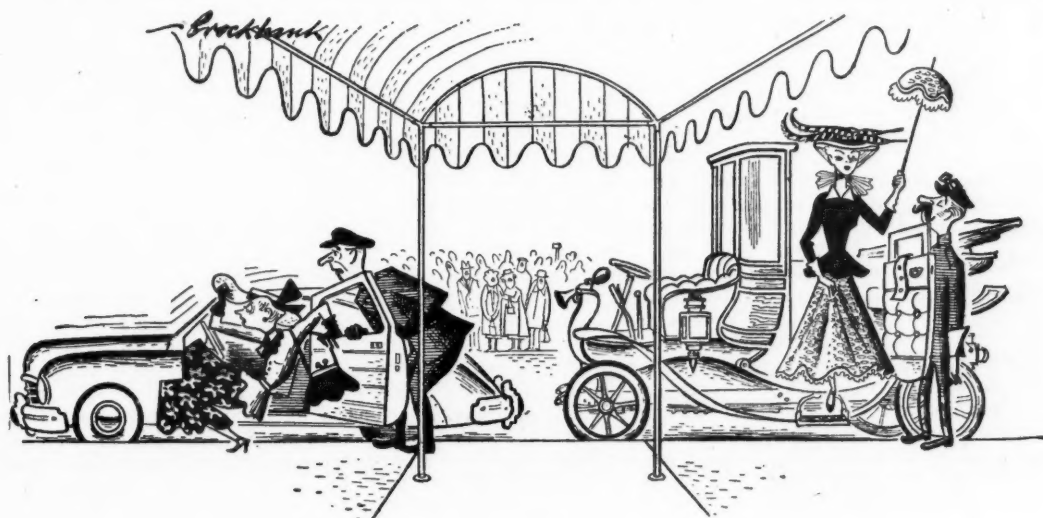
MENUHIN and LOUIS KENTNER gave a series of flawless performances of all Beethoven's violin sonatas. And if the distant "grum-when" of the pipers tuning up means to you what it does to us, you would certainly have joined the throng round the flood-lit arena in the Gardens at night for the display of piping and Highland dancing.

Sir ADRIAN BOULT and the B.B.C. Orchestra gave splendid performances

of Elgar's *Falstaff* and Vaughan Williams' Sixth Symphony, as well as an extraordinarily cramped and uncomfortable one of Brahms' Double Concerto, with MENUHIN and PIATIGORSKY as soloists. There has been much discussion as to the meaning of Vaughan Williams' powerful and rather terrifying new symphony, a mystery deepened rather than dispelled by the composer's drily humorous programme-notes. The last movement, in which "the music drifts about contrapuntally with occasional whiffs of theme," is, by general consent, the most mysterious of all. The whole universe seems to be swimming mistily round and round in ever-widening circles and gradually dissolving into nothing, producing in at least one listener a sensation like that of sinking gradually into unconsciousness under an anæsthetic.

The last orchestra to visit Edinburgh was the orchestra from Rome formerly known as the Augusteo. And what an orchestra it is! It has the transparent tone that comes from perfect intonation. It has fire, it has sensuousness. It turns a series of detached chords into a chain of flashing jewels. And—hallmark of a great orchestra—it can produce a pianissimo that is not mere quietness but is instead a fortissimo concentrated into an incandescent thread of vibrant tone, the most thrilling sound imaginable. FURTWÄNGLER conducted this magnificent orchestra in one of the finest renderings of Brahms' Second Symphony that we ever remember, and gave Beethoven's Triple Concerto, with GIOCONDA DE VITO, MICHELANGELO, and MAINARDI as soloists—a performance that was sheer perfection.

D. C. B.





"This snook pie tastes more like Poissons d'eau douce Napoléon."

### Our Booking Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

#### Van Loon's Autobiography

IN *Report to Saint Peter* (HARRAP, 8/6), HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON's last book, the well-known Dutch-American popularizer of art, history and geography has attempted a kind of spiritual autobiography in the whimsical, intimate rambling style which delighted his innumerable readers in the States, England, Holland, France, the Scandinavian countries, the Latin countries, the countries of Eastern Europe, Brazil and elsewhere. The author opens with a brief account of what was happening in his birth-place, Rotterdam, and elsewhere when he was born in 1882. His method as an autobiographer is to avoid direct self-revelation. Rousseau disgusts him, and he takes as his model Montaigne and generally all those "people of a meditative turn of mind who wrote about almost anything under the sun, but who somehow mingled their own personality with their observations upon whatever subject they chose to discuss." Accordingly he writes about ancestors in general, and, at less length, about his own ancestors in particular; he muses on the early Christians; he surveys monasticism, which he approves in its earlier phases, while regretting its subsequent degeneration, and he examines the origin of the belief in hell. In the last chapter of his book, which he did not live to complete, he gives us more about himself, and his account of how he tried as a boy to turn himself into a replica of a mediæval troubadour suggests what an excellent autobiography he could have written had he adopted a less oblique method.

H. K.

### Saints and Heroes

The English mood not being for the moment heroic, those *English Folk-Heroes* (BATSFORD, 10/6) whose fame has never died—though possibly some of them never lived—take on a heightened appeal and impart a more tragic stimulus. Carlyle, who gave notorious attention to heroes, prophetically hinted to a fictitious American editor that "the extreme of ugliness in idols" had not yet been reached by "the United Sons of Adam." We have, however, made enough progress in that direction to be grateful to Miss CHRISTINA HOLE for harking back to King Arthur and Hereward, Robin Hood and Dick Whittington, St. George and St. Thomas of Canterbury, not only as objects of popular pride, veneration and confidence, but as embodying what England herself felt to be supremely English characteristics. Miss HOLE's book is an enjoyable piece of well-digested, well-presented scholarship. She assembles the known facts about each legendary figure; shows how they were preserved or overlaid or distorted by tradition; and points out how certain features demanded by the people as proper to heroes recur over and over again. In their tutelary vigilance, kings like Arthur—"the king of the past, the king to come"—join hands with such popularly canonized saints as à Becket.

H. P. E.

### A Jungle Forester

Loa was a contented god, ruling absolutely, as his ancestors had done before him since time immemorial, over a tiny community in Central Africa a hundred years ago. His people had iron, but no domestic animals. They fought a ceaseless battle against the leaping vegetation which surrounded them and marked the edge of the world, an edge teeming with shadowy pigmies waiting patiently with poisoned arrows. They lived on tapioca and bananas, and even Loa rarely tasted meat; when he did it was usually a wife or villager, fallen from grace and fattened in a pen. This is the background of Mr. C. S. FORESTER's new novel, *The Sky and the Forest* (MICHAEL JOSEPH, 8/6), which describes the sacking of Loa's town by Arab traders, his rescue from the slave-gang by his wife and son, the gruelling adventure of their trek home ("Four Frightened People" is the modern parallel), his expansion of his little empire through his new-found knowledge of the canoe, and its utter extinction by King Leopold's enlightened thugs. This simple story is handled with great skill, and Mr. FORESTER succeeds wonderfully in getting inside the mind of a god with a very small vocabulary who learns in the hardest school that he is only mortal. Loa's discovery in exile that his wife dares to love him as a man and that the moon rises even when he has forgotten to send for her is strangely touching. The sheer vegetable menace of nature colours the whole book, which is fine and exciting, in parts as grim as the forest itself.

E. O. D. K.

### One Against All

For us there are only two satisfactory ways of translating French into American: an unobtrusive rendering into a language as classical as Hawthorne's or a sustained attempt to recapture the construction and idiom of the original. One would have preferred the latter method for M. PIERRE HERBERT's *Halcyon* (LEHMANN, 10/6), which has been justly acclaimed as "a small masterpiece of sensitive understanding and evocative prose." Its subject is all oppressed and indurated adolescence; but its spiritual and material *milieux* are very French indeed. Its setting is a small Mediterranean island on which a sort of Borstal, once an

old monastery, was burnt out by its insurgent prisoners, not without retaliatory bloodshed. This not-so-distant episode has been so far forgotten by the mainland that when a sixteen-year-old reformatory boy escapes from his employer (accompanied by his employer's son) he gets another lad to ferry him to the ill-omened island. His short odyssey, poignantly related, voices the soul's protest against becoming either the state's victim or its accomplice. Yet *Halcyon*, as its name suggests, is also an idyll. It recalls the traditional seven days of the Greek winter solstice, when a fabled calm brooded over a fabled king and queen whose devotion in death had fledged them with immortality.

H. P. E.

### Imaginary Conversations

*Imaginary Conversations* (SECKER AND WARBURG, 10/6), amusingly introduced by the editor, Mr. RAYNER HEPPENSTALL, consists of a number of historical and literary dialogues composed for the B.B.C. Third Programme by various well-known writers. Nothing is less immutable than the past, which is always being reinterpreted in accordance with the prevailing ideas of the present. One of the best of Macaulay's youthful pieces is a dialogue between Abraham Cowley and Milton. Macaulay's serene and august Milton is a very different person from Miss Rose Macaulay's Milton, whose scurrility had to be toned down by Mr. HEPPENSTALL so as not to upset listeners. Which Macaulay comes nearer to the real Milton must be a matter of opinion, but the later Macaulay certainly, to modern conceptions, seems more convincing than the earlier. Mr. Michael Innes's admirably worked-out dialogue is between Dr. Johnson and Lord Monboddo, a forerunner of Darwin; but to send Boswell to sleep so that Johnson and Monboddo may have the talk to themselves is to outrage all probability, for Boswell would certainly have done everything he could to embroil Johnson with someone who believed in man's descent from apes. In "Thieves of Mercy" Mr. Herbert Read unfolds the spiritual change which Hamlet experienced after his invigorating encounter with the cut-throat captain of the pirate ship—an episode hitherto mercifully overlooked by Hamlet commentators. In "The Gambler" Mr. V. S. Pritchett subtly reconstructs the clash at Baden between the urbane and wealthy Turgenev and the penniless and savagely resentful Dostoevsky.

H. K.

### Vivisectionists

Like the insects which are his theme, Mr. JOHN CROMPTON as a matter of right pillages the work of others for the sake of his offspring. Unlike *The Hunting Wasp*, he feels a twinge of conscience about his depredations, and pays honest tribute to Fabre, Latter, Step, and those amazing American naturalists, the Peckhams, from whom he takes his raw material, as *Vespa vulgaris* helps herself to wood as the raw material of her *papier-mâché*. He need not worry. He has written the most fascinating, vividly lucid book of natural history since Jefferies, or even since Gilbert White. Species by species he dips into the lives, habits, behaviour of *Ammophila*, *Tachytes*, *Crabro*, *Trypoxylon*, and that super-horror *Rhipiphorus paradoxus*, the parasitical beetle-larva which preys on the living grub of the wasp ("and of all the parasites that prey on mice and men and insects, none knows its job more thoroughly than this one"). None, perhaps. But as we read the chronicles of those who wear "the black and yellow blazer of the school of *Vespa*" or its many variations of house colours it is only because we are reading of insects that we do not squirm with horror. For it is the business of "that vivisectionist," "that slim murderess" the female hunting

wasp, of whatever species, to perform on the living body of her victim—be it caterpillar, frog-hopper, spider, cricket or ant—a surgical operation of inconceivable delicacy, paralysing nerves and vital centres so that she may drag the living corpse to her chamber of horrors, lay her egg upon its rigid body, seal the chamber, and leave the egg to hatch into a grub which will feast delicately on live but helpless meat. How the hunting wasp makes her captures is recounted in descriptions of fights which can match any day the famous fight between George Borrow and the gipsy. If Mr. CROMPTON chooses to write nothing but volume after volume on species after species of wasp for the next ten years, he is assured of at least one constantly avid reader, who thanks Messrs. COLLINS for producing the most interesting non-fiction work for years at a mere half-guinea.

R. C. S.

### The Mustard Tree

When over seventy years ago Charles Edward Flower, prosperous burgess of Stratford and devoted Shakespearean, suggested a Memorial Theatre with library and picture gallery in honour of Stratford's greatest citizen, London (and Birmingham) sneered and wrote the suggestion down as a piece of pretentious bumpkinism. "Paltry and impertinent," said the *D.T.* . . . "an insult to the memory of Shakespeare" . . . "local clique" . . . "abuse of the public patience," and more to the same general effect. In 1879 the theatre was opened, on the birthday of Shakespeare and death-day of St. George, for a fortnight's Festival under the direction of Barry Sullivan. For some years two to three weeks (with a padding of non-Shakespearean plays for the weaker brethren) sufficed to fulfil demand: from 1922 to 1934 four weeks. Since then for six months in each year a steadily growing audience has been held; and almost entirely with the Master's plays. The bumpkins had won hands down—not easily, but through patience, regional pride and toughness, and a real devotion to the Greatest Bumpkin of them all. RUTH ELLIS tells the story of *The Shakespeare Memorial Theatre* (WESTMINSTER PUBLICATIONS, 15/-) coherently and capably. The two significant periods were 1891–1916, under the direction of F. R. Benson, and 1920–1934, under W. Bridges-Adams, in whose reign the old comfortable, intimate plush-bound theatre was burnt down, to give place to the austere functional affair about whose merits and demerits the battle still continues. Our author discreetly hints at tensions during the last ten years of short directorates, but the theatre has taken the internal stresses and the two wars in its stride. Charles Edward Flower's despised little grain of mustard seed has flourished exceedingly.

J. P. T.



## Cinema Complaint

To the Manager, "Stanza Super Palace,"  
Chesterlee.

**D**EAR SIR,—For a long time now I have been going to complain to you about your cinema. Last night was just about the last straw.

I'm not complaining about the pictures, though for people of average intelligence I should say that American boiled shirts and gangsters have had their day. If you must keep me there for over three hours to see the whole programme I don't see why you should draw your curtains and play gramophone records at every opportunity. I've got a gramophone myself, and if I may say so, better records which don't pom-pom-boom so much in the low notes. The curtains are quite pretty, but I've seen them before, hundreds of times.

Then there is the time you waste on advertisements. I do not pay 1s. 9d. to see magic-lantern slides of people with unnatural beauty having a perm at Maison Rosie's followed by a two-penny bar of chocolate for 5d. I've seen that before too, not to mention the film advertisements which end up suddenly with a woman washing-up with "Shino" instead of the criminal making a clean break as the audience was led to believe.

Another thing which everybody agrees wastes a lot of time is the trailers. What is coming next week is hard enough to face, especially when the music stops short and words going round make it plain that you have stuck on your presentation the week after that, besides a month of Sundays. And if you think the trailers encourage people to come you'd be surprised how apathetic the one-and-ninepennies are to Crime, Love or Horses. They are more interested in getting an ice-cream or finding something they dropped under the seat during a fight in the previous feature.

The ice-cream is another thing to which you should apply yourself. The cinema is made so hot that people feel the need for something cool. But when your girl in a white coat and silly hat appears in one gangway that is no reason for people jumping up all over the place. They make a noise, and sometimes blot out quite important parts with their heads. And on this system I don't see how people in the better parts especially upstairs, ever get a look in.

As a matter of fact you ought to talk to all your girls, not only the ice-cream. Being inside all the time they have no idea how much they are in the dark. They dash off with their torches

and leave the new customers to walk gingerly down farther than they wanted to go. Then the people have to find their seats by trial and error, the first lap being nearly always an error. When the girls do shine their torches they wave them up and down in the eyes of people who have no need for them. And you might tell them not to forget the curtains round the doors which help keep a little of the draught from the back seats, although the real trouble here is the girls talking to each other about anything except the picture, besides people passing out being unable to wait for The End.

The organ I won't mention, this being a bone of contention for those with a taste for music. Though I must say that the louder it goes the less interested people seem to be except in repeating what could not be heard owing to a peal of bells or similar.

I don't suppose as manager you ever pay to go to your own pictures to enjoy yourself with the wife like anybody else. You might find out that it is useless for Mr. Rank to sink £100,000 in a feature if it is going to be set at naught in the "Stanza" for a half-pennyworth of tar.

Thanking you,

I remain,  
S. SUMPWORTHY.

## Friday, August the Thirteenth

**L**IKE a lot of women who listen unguardedly to the vote-catching blandishments of the politicians, Mrs. Pattison really believed that she was a drudge and a martyr. On weekdays when Mr. Pattison came home from his office at the Imperial Quart Glass Bottle Co., and at the same time on Saturdays and Sundays when he didn't, she would say, "I'm nothing but a drudge and a martyr." It used to get on Pattison's nerves. Once, inspired by a glass of mild ale, he asked her why she couldn't be a martyr and a drudge for a change, and Mrs. Pattison threw a plate of shepherd's pie at him. After that Pattison cut out the wisecracks.

Every night, just as the nine o'clock news had cleared its throat of the dull political stuff about productivity and war and was opening up on sport, obituaries and the weather, Mrs. Pattison would put down her knitting, sweep some imaginary cigarette-ash from the rug and tell her husband that

she was tired of working her fingers to the bone, tired of trying to make both ends meet, waiting on him hand and foot and struggling to keep up appearances. "One of these fine days," she would say, "you'll come home and find me gone for good." Pattison knew better than to interrupt these fulminations, but their final threat always made him flush with excitement and wild, irrational hope.

On Friday, August 13th, Pattison arrived at "Holmlea" to find the table set for one. For a moment he stood scratching his ear, puzzled. Then he ran to the foot of the stairs and shouted. The ensuing silence made his heart beat quickly. He took off his mackintosh and sat down. His forehead was damp and his glasses were opaque with steam. He lit a cigarette, took one long pull and threw it into the hearth. Then he jumped up and ran through the kitchen to the back-door. Slowly he unlocked and opened it and stood with his eyes closed, trembling

and praying for strength. One quick look should have been enough, but somehow it pleased him to peer up into the apple tree and trample down the clump of hydrangeas. He even kicked at the top layer of the compost heap. When he returned to the house there were bright-red spots below his cheekbones.

Mr. Pattison stood in the middle of the sitting-room and wondered what to do. He lit another cigarette and threw it away. He unlocked the pantry door, broke a large untidy piece out of a new apple-pie and stuffed it into his mouth. Then he went back to the foot of the stairs. "Clarice! Cla-ric!" he shouted. A dozen times he ran to the sitting-room and stood stock still listening, and a dozen times he ran to the stairs and shouted. At the tenth call his voice took on a sharp edge of imperiousness. Exciting ideas were simmering in his head. He saw himself, tanned and muscular, striding the boundaries of a fine section in

# IN FRIENDSHIP'S NAME



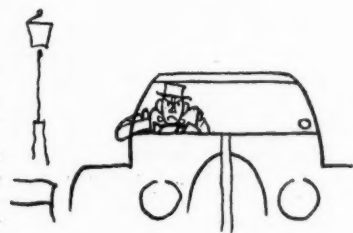
I used to be very happy listening to my wireless set, until a friend told me—



of someone he knew who'd apparently got one twice as good at half the price :



I used to be very satisfied with my little car, until a friend told me—



of a man he'd met who'd apparently got one twice as powerful at half the consumption :



I used to enjoy going off to a quiet little place on the East Coast, until a friend told me—



of a fellow he'd run across who'd apparently spent six weeks in Switzerland up to the neck in every imaginable luxury, and brought back half his £35:



I used to be extremely well pleased with my job, until a friend told me—



of a chap who'd apparently walked into one at twice the money with less than half the experience :



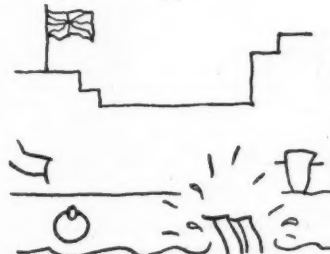
I used to be delighted with my house, until a friend told me—



of one of his acquaintances who'd apparently picked one up twice as desirable, and all for a mere song.



In fact, I used to be quite contented to be an inhabitant of this island, until all my friends kept on telling me—



that everyone was twice as well off everywhere else.

Saskatchewan. He saw himself asking Mr. Treadmill for a transfer to the Manchester branch, holidaying with Ben Timson, chatting to Polly in the bar of the Four Horseshoes. . . . A hundred delightful scenes flitted before his gleaming mind's eye.

Now he knew what to do. He grabbed his hat and rushed from the house, across the crescent and up the Cardew's drive. Mrs. Cardew opened the door. "She's gone for good!" Pattison moaned, and lurched into the hall. They could get nothing more out of him. "She's gone!" he said. Mr. Cardew poured out a stiff whisky and Pattison gulped it down like a pill. "She's gone for good!" he moaned. Then Mrs. Cardew, her brows smock-stitched and lowering, took her husband aside and whispered. Something about Pattison's eyes, his demoniac leer, the ceaseless wringing of his hands and the clay on his shoes had put a terrible suspicion into her head.

"I'll go," said Cardew. "Better let me go."

"No, Clarice was my friend," said Mrs. Cardew. "You stay and keep an eye on him."

She ran across to "Holmlea." The front door was wide open. First she looked in all the cupboards. Then she examined the garden. With a fork

she prodded the freshly-dug flower-bed and the disturbed compost heap. She didn't think of looking into the apple tree.

She returned to the kitchen. Her mouth was a thin line of determination, but she was shivering. With a flat-iron she broke and prized up the square red tiles from the floor. With her bare hands she scooped up the rubble beneath. She worked rapidly, feverishly. She levered three boards from the floor of the out-house and tore down the panelling round the drawing-room chimney. Then she gave it up and hurried back to "Crofters." She found Mr. Pattison moaning more determinedly than ever. Mr. Cardew seemed to be crying. The whisky bottle was empty.

Mrs. Pattison caught the 6.30 bus from Enfield. She had enjoyed her afternoon in the sick-room with Mrs. Brindle. It had done her good. Two little halos of self-righteousness hovered over her black floral hat. As the bus trundled through Southgate she began patiently to work up her evening recital of abuse.

She was shocked to find the door open. She screamed when she saw the ruin of her kitchen. One glance at the uneaten food on the table and another at the unopened note on the mantelpiece and she rushed to the telephone.

Then, stupefied by the violence and range of the destruction, she sat down and wolfed her husband's tea.

By this time Mr. Cardew had opened a bottle of rum and was now tramping in unsteady circles round Pattison's heaving frame. Mrs. Cardew was crying quietly as she turned over the pages of an old photograph album. Suddenly a movement in the crescent attracted Cardew's attention. He beckoned his wife and together they stood at the window and watched the policemen arrive at "Holmlea."

"I say, old boy," he said, placing a hand on Pattison's shoulder, "I should begin to make tracks if I were you."

"She's gone!" said Pattison, playing for time and enlightenment.

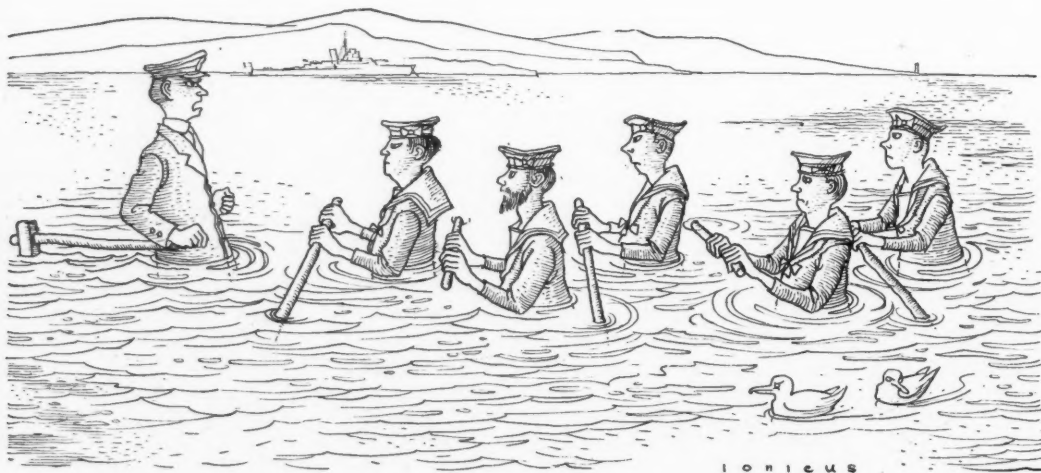
"Yes, I know," said Cardew. "Are you all right for money? There's a train leaving Victoria at eight-thirty. You can get the seven-fifteen bus if you hurry."

"She's gone for good!" said Pattison struggling to his feet.

"No, this way, you idiot; get out the back way and cut across the allotments."

"Gone! Gone!" said Pattison.

At the back door he shook hands with Cardew. "She was one of the best," he said, and raced down the path. Hod.

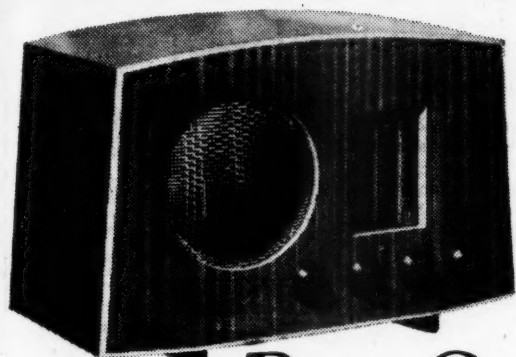


"All right—one of you put the plug in, the rest of you start bailing."

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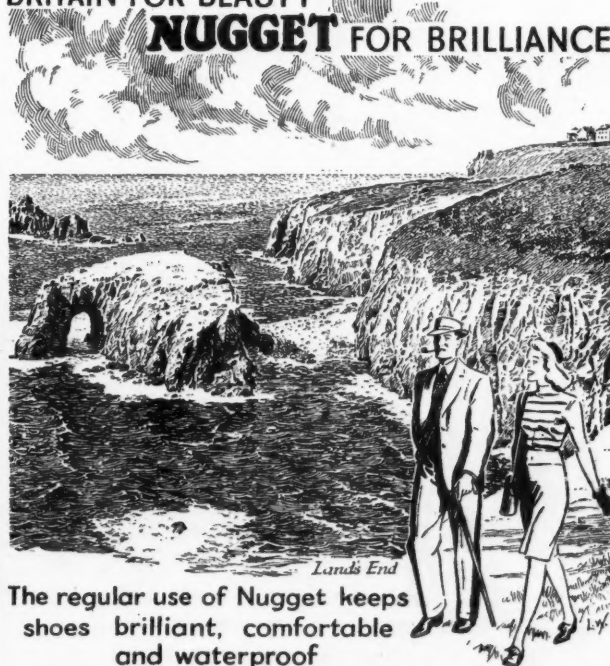
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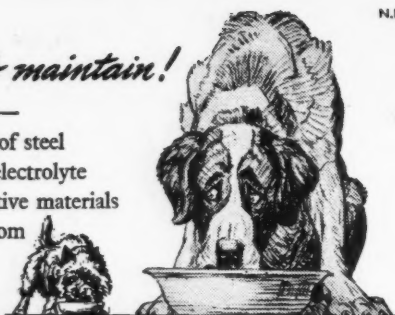
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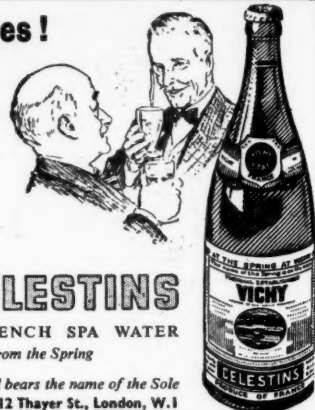
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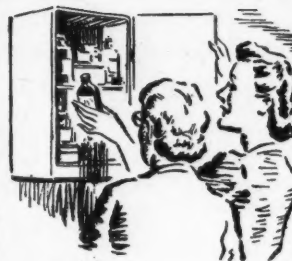


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Friendly and comforting in many a minor digestive upset. Bringing double-action relief promptly and pleasantly. A gentle laxative; an effective antacid. Kept at hand in all the best regulated families.

**'Milk of  
Magnesia'**

REGD. TRADE MARK

Large size 3/2—equals 3 small size 1/7

A PROVEN PRODUCT OF THE  
CHAS. H. PHILLIPS CHEMICAL CO., LTD.

**The Autumn Collection of  
fine woollens and worsteds  
woven to our own design**

**is now on show**

**at**

**Jacqmar**

**16, Grosvenor Street, London W.1.**

## Reserves . . .

Now is the time to build up reserves of health for the winter, by taking your fill of the invigorating autumn breezes.

A late holiday if you can: a week-end at the sea: or at least an odd day in the country or on the sands.

The summer rush is ending and there will be more room in the trains. There are cheap day tickets from many stations.

BRITISH RAILWAYS

For greater efficiency

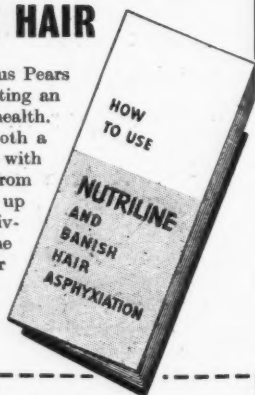


To increase your  
capacity for work and recreation  
your mental energy  
and physical endurance, start today  
to take a course of

**PHYLLOSAN**

## A NEW SCIENTIFIC TONIC DRESSING FOR THE HAIR

Pears—the makers of the famous Pears Soap—have succeeded in creating an entirely new product for hair health. It is called **NUTRILINE** and is both a tonic and dressing. Massage with Nutriline first frees the scalp from incipient dandruff then tones up glands and capillaries to full activity and finally encourages the growth of young hair. Your hair looks healthy and puts on a new gloss without becoming oily or "tacky."



**FREE!**

Write today to A. & F. Pears, Ltd., Isleworth, Middx. for a free copy of the Nutriline booklet—packed with vital facts about hair health.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

**NUTRILINE** CAN DO WONDERS FOR YOUR HAIR

UNSEALED ENVELOPE 1D. STAMP

NUF 15/880 P.1

# Chase THAT SCRAP!



Don't let it settle down in the works yard. Keep on to your scrap merchant. He's a busy man? Harden your heart and make him busier still. He's doing a grand job for us already. In recent months scrap returns have risen 30%; but we need still more. Keep it moving. Speed it up. Chase it off the premises! For the sake of the whole national effort, send us the scrap.

*This appeal is directed to works only. Transport and other facilities may make it possible to widen this later to cover household and other light iron and steel scrap.*



ISSUED BY THE BRITISH IRON AND STEEL FEDERATION

## SHOPPING



## WITH A SPANNER

20,000 Nuffield workers go shopping for you with their spanners. Every month the cars they make travel over the seas; these exports pay in part for the foodstuffs and raw materials we need.

MORRIS · WOLSELEY · RILEY · M.G. · MORRIS-COMMERCIAL  
**THE NUFFIELD ORGANIZATION**

Overseas Business: Nuffield Exports Ltd., Oxford and 41 Piccadilly, London, W.1

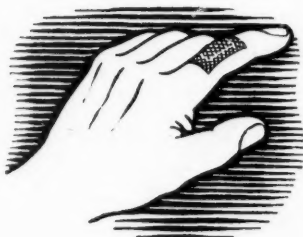




**Waterproof Elastoplast** is the ideal First Aid Dressing for those whose hands and arms are frequently in contact with water, grease or oil. It is a strong dressing, yet very thin, with a medicated pad that assists healing. Flesh-coloured and neat in wear, this plastic skin dressing can be washed like your own skin.

**SAME FINGER-DIFFERENT DRESSING**

For normal use there is fabric Elastoplast — the dressing you have used and liked for years. Both dressings are elastic and adhesive. Use whichever suits your work, or play, the best.



**2 KINDS OF Elastoplast**

FIRST AID DRESSINGS — FABRIC OR WATERPROOF

BOTH IN **RED** TINS AT CHEMISTS

*"We have a duty imposed upon us which was never thrown upon our predecessors"*



Wellington's words in 1828, when, as Prime Minister, he was commenting upon the previous 40 years delay in accomplishing changes long overdue.

**WELLINGTON**  
TUBE WORKS LTD

FOR STEEL TUBES AND  
STEEL TUBE FABRICATION

HEAD OFFICE & WORKS · GREAT BRIDGE · TIPTON · STAFFS



Solitaire Shoe Polish De Luxe gives shoes a four-fold beauty treatment—cleanses dirt from the pores—preserves and nourishes—waterproofs—and polishes with a long-lasting, brilliant shine. Makes new shoes last for years—old ones shine like new.

In all fashionable shades for all leathers price 1/- per bottle or jar.

**SOLITAIRE**  
**SHOE POLISH**  
*De Luxe*

In case of difficulty write for the name of nearest stockist to:

FURMOTO CHEMICAL CO. LTD.,  
1-3, Brixton Road, London, S.W.9.



FOR SUEDE SHOES use **SOLITAIRE SUEDE CLEANER**  
Cleans in a moment—revives the colour.

ALL THE WORLD OVER



At Bondi Beach, Australia

Nothing is allowed to compromise the quality of anything marked Tootal. The same laboratory-testing, the same standards, the same conditions of the famous Tootal Guarantee, remain as before. Helping Britain's credit abroad

**TOOTAL**  
REGD.  
FABRICS · HANDKERCHIEFS · TIES



No brush can reach the S-bend, the pipe at the back of the lavatory. But Harpic can!

Harpic is specially made for lavatory cleansing. It not only cleans and disinfects the whole pan—it sweeps right round the S-bend at the back where no brush can reach—kills germs, leaves the whole pan clean and sweet.

## HARPIC

Specially made for the lavatory

### DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

Not subsidised—Not nationalised—still dependent on public support.

Happy childhood, careful upbringing and sound training are provided for the 7,000 children in Dr. Barnardo's Homes, which are not State-aided; they still rely on voluntary gifts.

10/-

will buy one child's food for a week, but sums of any amount are welcomed.

Cheques, etc. (crossed), payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes," addressed 4 Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.



**JOLLY & SON LTD BATH**  
FOR  
FINE OLD ENGLISH  
FURNITURE

## TEK Pure Bristle NOW IN GOOD SUPPLY

There are now good supplies of Tek pure bristle toothbrushes in the shops. And Tek Junior, for children, is also available. Whether you prefer bristle or nylon, insist on Tek. All chemists stock them.

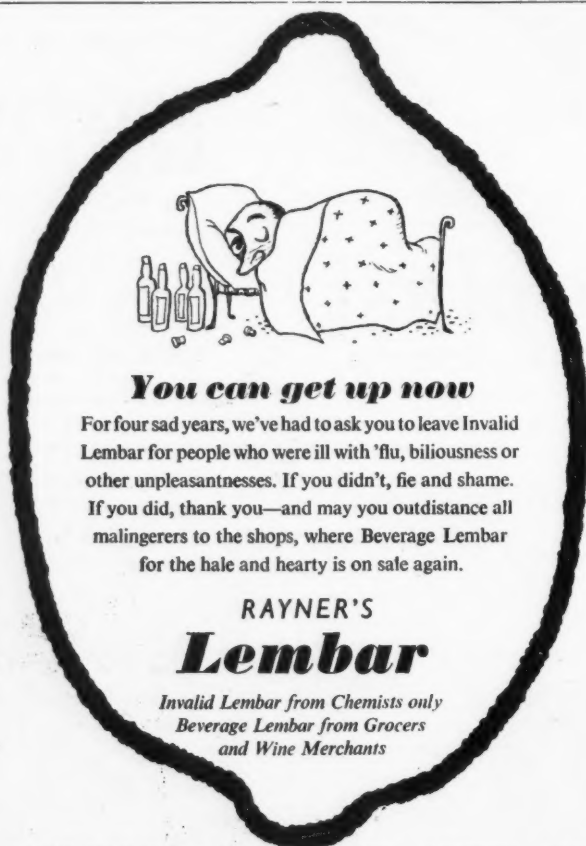
Johnson & Johnson  
101, BATHURST LTD



\*  
TEK  
BRISTLE 2/6  
TEK  
NYLON 1/10  
TEK  
JUNIOR 1/3

(including  
Purchase Tax)

\*



### You can get up now

For four sad years, we've had to ask you to leave Invalid Lembar for people who were ill with 'flu, biliousness or other unpleasantnesses. If you didn't, fie and shame. If you did, thank you—and may you outdistance all malingerers to the shops, where Beverage Lembar for the hale and hearty is on sale again.

RAYNER'S

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Invalid Lembar from Chemists only  
Beverage Lembar from Grocers  
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### HOMEWARD BOUND—COUNTING THE PILCHARD CATCH

Next time you make sandwiches fill them with Shippam's Pilchard & Tomato Paste and see how the family relish them. This delicious blend of Cornish Pilchards and tomatoes not only helps you to solve the sandwich problem; it helps to reduce imports, too. Have you tried it yet?

## Shippam's

PILCHARD AND  
TOMATO PASTE



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Hurrah.  
**BERMALINE**  
Baked by  
Good Bakers  
everywhere  
**BREAD**  
for tea!

Good, pure  
delicious food.  
A treat to eat  
—and easily  
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The "ALLEN" Self-Propelled Machine



FOR RAPID AND ECONOMICAL  
CUTTING OF ALL KINDS OF ROUGH  
GROWTH, WEEDS, BRACKEN, ETC. ETC  
CUTS 36 INS. WIDE AT ONE PASSAGE  
VARIOUS USEFUL ATTACHMENTS  
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**JOHN ALLEN & SONS (OXFORD) LTD.**  
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### HYDRAULIC CAR JACK

"The Little Jack  
with the BIG Lift"

LIFTING CAPACITY

2 TONS

Closed Height 6 1/2 ins.

Maximum Height 14 ins.

PRICE £4 0. 0.

Every car owner

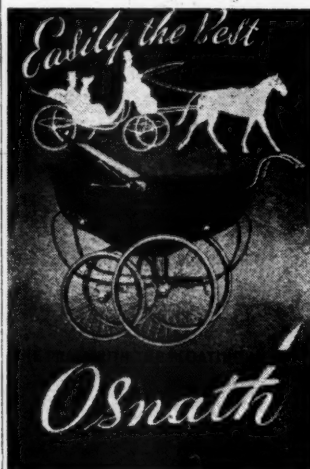
should write for details

SKYHI, Ltd.  
Skyhi Works,  
WORTON ROAD  
ISLEWORTH, Middx.



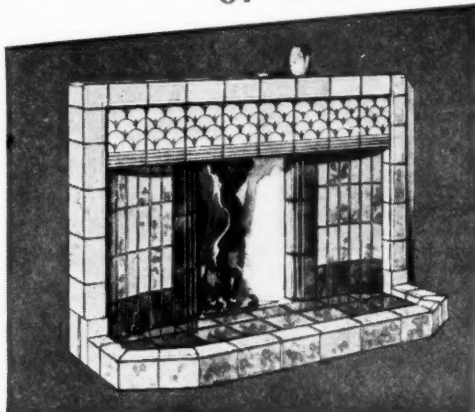
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Exclusive Sussex Riviera Hotel on  
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Weighty emphasis placed on Food,  
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Residents. Brochure of this lovely  
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The recent relaxation of building restrictions enables you to have one of these fine fireplaces in your home now. The comprehensive selection displayed at our London showrooms includes every material—marble, tiles, briquettes, stone—and exclusive Froy designs at all prices.

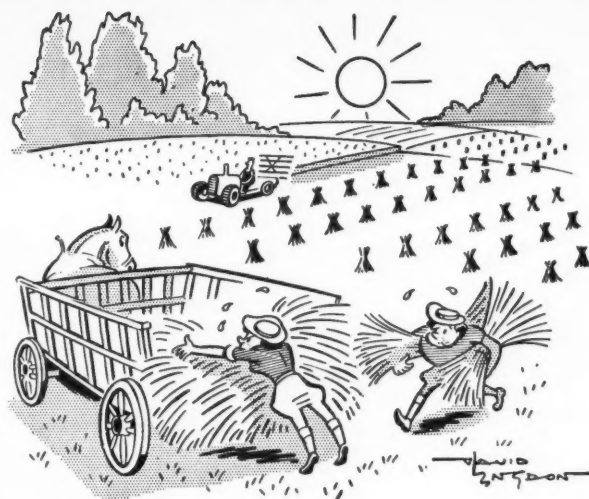
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## You need BISCUITS

*to keep you going*

(One pound of sweet biscuits contains 2,200 calories)

Issued by the Cake and Biscuit Manufacturers War Time Alliance Limited

CVS-199



### DON'T CHANCE IT!

If you follow the Traffic Jim's advice—well, you may never get across at all.

That's how he works: tempts you to cross without looking, distracts your attention from danger. 2,380 pedestrians were killed last year. 52,850 were injured.

Next time *you* are tempted to be rash, remember the Highway Code—and mind how you go.

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Leaving no stone  
unturned . . . Exploring  
every avenue to find . . .

*Wolsey*

Underwear . . . and  
Cardinal socks

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After a  
good day's work  
for Britain



—that's  
when beer is best

